THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 166 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • MARCH 27, 1948 NUMBER 13

# Guinea Pig

*[In the American press and in the statements of President Truman and Secretary Marshall, the Greek struggle is defined very simply as one between Communist "bandits" and a legal, democratically elected government. We hear very little of the people and parties who belong to neither force—the honest democrats who have found themselves unable to cooperate with the Communist-led guerrillas or with the American-ruled regime in Athens. Most important among these groups is the Socialist Party, whose members have suffered arrest and exile for continuing to act like free men with a right to speak and publish their opinions. The paragraphs which follow are taken from a recent editorial in the Greek Socialist Party weekly,* Machi. *The editor of* Machi *and the foreman of the paper's printing shop were arrested four weeks ago on charges of "publishing articles creating dissension among the Greek people" and are still being held pending a secret military investigation to determine whether the articles were "simple political criticism or in support of the rebellion." One of the articles responsible for their arrest was an editorial criticizing the mass execution of members of the war-time resistance movement who had been in prison for over two years. Another was a clemency petition addressed to Premier Sophoulis by political prisoners.]*

THE [Greek] government press has failed to comment on the report of the Select Committee on Foreign Aid of the [American] House of Representatives (released in Washington on January 27, 1948). Why should it have done so? It is enough for the Greek government that the report may serve to persuade Congress to continue the "aid."

As for us, we found a number of items in the report which we willingly indorse, since they corroborate our own analyses. We have always contended, as does the report, that "until the disorganization resulting from the guerrilla warfare is terminated, no recovery is feasible and a further deterioration of the situation is inevitable." We have constantly affirmed what the Congressional Committee has now found out with regard to the economic policy of the [Greek] right—that there is lack of "able political leadership," and great need for a "stable political regime" which would be able to carry out, "by itself, the major part, if not the entire program, of the financing" necessary for the reconstruction of Greece.

The committee, however, does not draw from these correct findings the inevitable conclusions. . . .

What but foreign intervention impedes the creation of the "able leadership" demanded by the American Congressmen? What but foreign intervention maintains in power the present leadership, which the report so caustically criticizes? And who, on the other hand, will believe that "in their majority the rebels are people who have found the life of the guerrillas the easiest way to get along in a devastated country?" Where in the world, one may ask, do the unemployed, by the thousands, choose to live in the mountains, to suffer privations, warfare, and execution squads?

The report's tedious predictions of a serious inflation uncover the basic causes, which are the civil war, with the expenditure it entails and the climate it maintains, and the non-partcipation of the working masses in the reconstruction of the country. But these masses are not to be identified with that "bulk of the people" whom the report charges with placing their personal interests above the national interests; the men who do this constitute the backbone of the Populist [Royalist] Party. The magic wand that would mobilize the creative forces of Greece is to be found neither in the "personal initiative" demanded in the report nor in the inept leadership denounced by it. It is to be found in the restoration of normal conditions and democracy. Whoever, therefore, while predicting a worsening situation, contributes to the perpetuation of present conditions, is not sincere. Sincerity would require that after a correct diagnosis the right remedy be applied. And the only adequate cure lies in a change of course. Since the United States has proved incapable of alleviating the evil, why does it insist on continuing its present policy? In whose interest, may we ask?

American foreign policy has made Greece a laboratory. In fact, the question posed by the report of the Congressmen boils down to something like this: "How long can Greece endure?" American aid to Greece is not an experiment in true and sincere assistance performed by a great and generous country. That type of help was given by UNRRA. The Greek people owe a great deal to UNRRA. But they are neither so ungrateful as to forget the aid it provided nor so naive as to fail to understand the difference in the present assistance. Or even the difference between a Marshall Plan and a Truman Doctrine.

Is Greece, then, a guinea pig? A guinea pig in whom the effect of American aid will be studied before it is offered to other countries as was implied in the report? A guinea pig whose reactions will be offered for the benefit of all those "fighting against communism throughout the world"? A guinea pig to test America's own strength in a civil war?

We question the sincerity of the Congressmen's report because, after correctly emphasizing the catastrophic effect of internal disorder and displaying vehement lack of esteem for the political and military leadership of our country, it proposes as its first remedy the continuation and intensification of "military operations until the gerrilla forces are elimi-

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*The Nation*, published weekly and copyrighted, 1948, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 18, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas, Lausanne, Switzerland.

*Subscription Prices: Domestic*—One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $14. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1

*Change of Address:* Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

*Information to Libraries: The Nation* is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

nated." The length of the period during which such aid is to be provided is not determined, nor does it concern the report. What is stressed is that the "withdrawal of the United States from Greece would greatly weaken the determination of the constitutional forces resisting communism elsewhere." . . .

In the meantime, who is going to worry about Greece? About the "stable" political situation that must be created, the "acute inflation" threatening us, the decrease in our exports, the shrinkage of our production, the rise in prices, and the profiteering of a small clique? Or even about the "open invitation for the intervention" of foreign powers which would "seek to exploit our internal tragedy" for their own ends?

Who will care about these things? Who ever cares about the fate of a guinea pig?

# *The Shape of Things*

WHEN HENRY WALLACE'S CRITICS CHARGE him with being woolly-minded and irresponsible, they have in mind precisely the kind of attack he made last week on Ambassador Laurence A. Steinhardt. At a press conference, Mr. Wallace suggested that his earlier remarks on American responsibility in the Czech tragedy had been too mild because he had commented without knowing "what Steinhardt had been up to before the rightists staged their coup." When reporters, unaware that a "rightist coup" had occurred, pressed him further, he hinted vaguely that "where there is smoke there is fire," and then suggested that the reporters' foreign desks knew all about the rightist attempt which the Communists foiled by seizing power. Mr. Steinhardt, he said, had issued a statement designed to further the "rightist cause" just "a day or two before the rightists resigned from the government, thereby hoping to precipitate a crisis." Replying from Prague, Mr. Steinhardt pointed out that he had been hospitalized in New York and did not even return to Prague until two days after the "rightist" ministers walked out of the Cabinet. He rightly asked for an apology. Instead, Wallace has "documented" his charge. The Ambassador, it seems, is guilty of having said, admittedly two days *after* the alleged rightist coup, that he hoped eventually "Czechoslovakia would be able to take part in the Marshall Plan" and that in any case he hoped the country would benefit indirectly from the reconstruction of Western Europe. Wallace thinks it is Steinhardt who should apologize for such "meddling" and incendiary remarks. "He knew that our policy of aid had been proclaimed as aid for governments which exclude Communists. Coming at the crucial moment, it was a clearly provocative statement." But if anyone deserves an apology it is those liberals who look to Wallace for a leadership that rises above the level of shabby politics.

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THE MODERATION WITH WHICH THE BRITISH government is undertaking a purge of Communists, fellow-travelers, and fascists contrasts glaringly with the American approach to the same problem. Prime Minister Attlee, announcing this decision, said with characteristic understatement that association with the Communist Party "may involve acceptance by the individual of a loyalty which in certain circumstances may be inimical to the state." The only "prudent course," therefore, was to exclude members of the party or its close associates from jobs vital to national security. However, he promised that employees affected would be given a full opportunity to answer charges and, even when these were found proved, would if feasible be transferred to a less "sensitive" branch of the civil service. British public opinion is reluctantly supporting the government in this action; reluctantly, because it breaks with the tradition that the political ideas of a public official are a private matter and because of a dread of witch-hunting of the kind that the Un-American Committee has made internationally notorious. "We need to be very certain," writes the Manchester *Guardian,* "that any purge is operated with common sense and proportion, not with hysterical prejudice. Too many dangers to the general liberties accompany political discrimination that is not most carefully hedged in." It is the prevalence of this point of view, within and outside the government, that seems likely to insure restraint rather than the heated protests of the British Communists. The London *Daily Worker,* which talks of "the creation of a British police state," seems to forget that the current fashion in purges was set in Moscow long ago. Any Russian official would be lucky indeed to escape with dismissal or transfer if he were suspected of maintaining relations with a foreign power as Communists in other countries do with Moscow.

*

IN VOTING EXTENSION OF RENT CONTROL to March 15, 1949, the House made some minor improvements on the Senate version of the bill and then proceeded to vitiate it completely by a provision giving autonomous powers to local rent-advisory boards. The new clause, fathered by Representative Jesse P. Wolcott of Michigan, chairman of the House Banking Committee, provides these boards with unlimited authority to raise rent ceilings or abolish them altogether so long as appropriate notice is given and public hearings are held. No standard of local-housing shortage by which to determine their action is laid down; no appeal can be made from their decisions. This is a tremendous power to hand to appointive bodies owing no responsibility to anyone. One Republican in the House, George MacKinnon of Minnesota, asserted that the clause was in fact "an unlawful delegation of constitutional power." It was also charged that the boards, whose members are appointed by the Housing Expediter on nomination by state governors, were heavily weighted by landlord interests. According to Representative Frank Buchanan of Pennsylvania, 334 of the total of 655 have no tenant representatives. Fortunately, there is still a chance to kill this scandalous provision. The bill must go to conference to have differences between the House and Senate versions ironed out, and the Senate conferees include liberals from both parties. It is impossible to believe that men like Senators Tobey, Flanders, Sparkman, and Glen Taylor will consent to Mr. Wolcott's little plan to kill rent control without incurring personal and political responsibility for the murder.

*

THE INVESTIGATION OF BOOK-MAKING NOW being conducted by the California Public Utilities Commission has revealed some interesting facts about this intricate and fabulously profitable business. During the war years of 1943 and 1944, Continental Service, which legally distributes the information used for illegal gambling, tied up 16,000 miles of Western Union's wires at a time when defense agencies were having a difficult time to secure installations and service. After the government froze badly needed copper wire, Western Union, using wire bought before the freeze, strung quantities of it for Continental Service. While "repeaters" for telegraph lines were listed as a critical defense shortage, hundreds of repeaters were tied up by this same wire service. Testimony before the commission indicates that the bookie business, vitally dependent upon special telegraph and telephone services, now exceeds a billion and a half dollars a year, as compared with the $250,000,000 lost legitimately in betting at the track. In its annual report, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company points out that, while the number of unfilled orders for telephones in California has been reduced, some 60,000 applicants who had requested telephones on January 1, 1947, were still waiting for service at the end of the year. On the other hand, witnesses at the Public Utilities Commission hearings have testified that bookmakers can obtain immediate telephone installations at the going rate of $500

***Universal Military Training***

**A Debate**

AGAINST U. M. T.: Harold Taylor, educator and president of Sarah Lawrence College.

FOR U. M. T.: William L. Batt, Jr., World War II veteran, active member of the American Veterans Committee, and chairman of the Philadelphia chapter of Americans for Democratic Action.

**In an Early Issue of *The Nation***

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a phone. Just who receives this bribe could make the subject of an interesting investigation, for obviously it does not go to the company.

# *Taft-Hartley Birthday*

IT WILL surprise no one that the Congressional watchdog committee set up under the Taft-Hartley act to observe the operations of that law has surveyed the first six months of those operations and found them altogether good. Headed by Senator Joseph H. Ball, who made passage of the act his most fervent crusade, the Joint Congressional Committee on Labor-Management Relations has reported that what trade unionists sacrilegiously call the "slave-labor act" is "promoting the adjustment of labor problems equitably and in more friendly and cooperative relationships."

Unhappily for the committee, its verdict came in a week in which a soft-coal strike, none the less crippling for passing itself off as an "unofficial work stoppage," threatened to close down the country's steel plants; a week in which 100,000 men walked out on the "big five" meatpackers, with devastating effect on the country's already curtailed meat budget; a week in which New York's huge publishing industry—magazines, book publishers, and newspapers—prepared for a walkout by the printers of the International Typographical Union, already on strike in the Chicago and Philadelphia areas; and, most embarrassingly, a week in which a highly controversial provision of the Taft-Hartley act itself was declared unconstitutional in a federal court.

With no satisfaction, we predict that this is only the beginning of trouble under the Taft-Hartley act. The provision forbidding the closed shop, which was at the bottom of the typographers' dispute, is bound to figure increasingly as more major contracts containing closed-shop provisions expire. Many of these are in industries which attained a high degree of stability under closed-shop arrangements and which, like the publishing business, faced disruption as a result of the ban. An even more severe test of the act will come when the all but inevitable business slump occurs, whether it is a slowdown, a recession, or a depression. Of 815 complaints of unfair labor practices filed with the National Labor Relations Board since the act was passed, 315 have come from employers. When the going gets harder, there is every reason to suppose that the ratio will change, with management eager to take every advantage of the unions that the law allows.

Neither the coal strike nor the walkout of the packing-house workers can be attributed to the Taft-Hartley act, but they demonstrate how ineffective it has been in fulfilling its avowed purpose. The fact-finding board appointed by the President in the meat strike is scheduled to report on April 1. Mr. Truman may then issue an injunction if he believes the "national health or safety" to be imperiled, and the men will return to their jobs for another eighty days. They will then be entitled to take a supervised strike vote and may walk out again, in which event the President is empowered to refer the dispute to Congress. There is little reason to suppose that they would not walk out again, since there seems to be more here than a simple question of a wage increase. The A. F. of L. meatpackers' union has already accepted the packers' offer of a nine-cent-an-hour increase, and it appears that the "big five" are eager to use the Federation men to break the more militant C. I. O. union if they possibly can.

ROUGHLY the same procedure is in prospect in the coal strike. Here, the dispute revolves around the welfare fund, and while John L. Lewis may be seeking complete domination of the fund, as charged, he is in fact asking what seems to be an eminently fair and desperately needed pension system for his miners. In principle, the fund, to which the operators contribute 10 cents a ton, was set up for just such a purpose, and cannot now be opposed in principle. There is already some $47,000,000 lying idle in the welfare treasury, and it is growing at the rate of $200,000 a day, none of it even drawing interest.

On the other hand, a protracted coal strike at this time can gravely undermine American foreign policy, which calls for shipments to Europe of 3,000,000 tons of coal a month for April, May, and June under the Marshall Plan. The President will most certainly be driven to seek an injunction, overlooking the curious clause in the miners' contract that obligates them to work only when "willing and able." It is precisely this kind of technical evasion, whereby a strike is not a strike, that the Taft-Hartley law has made fashionable—and probably inevitable.

The severest blow to the act, however, has been delivered by neither labor nor management but by Judge Ben Moore of the Federal District Court. Dismissing the Justice Department's test indictment of Philip Murray and the C. I. O., Judge Moore ruled that Section 304, prohibiting political expenditures by unions, is "invalid because of abridgment of rights guaranteed by the First Amendment." It is only fair to say that many members of Congress who favored the act were dubious about this particular provision, but its insertion was a direct result of the intemperate climate that prevailed in Congress at the time and that permeates the entire act. The country is just beginning to learn the consequences of approaching a problem in economic and human relations as though it were a matter for policemen and magistrates.

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# The President's Message

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

MR. TRUMAN'S message to Congress last week was inept and needlessly provocative. If he has reason to believe that war with Russia is near, he should have given some evidence to prove it. A President does not confront Congress with a program of emergency war preparation without explaining exactly what the emergency amounts to. Nor would a President of first-rate intelligence spring such a program without consulting Congressional and party leaders. This is not the way a statesman behaves, nor even a shrewd politician.

One can only imagine that Mr. Truman spoke after hasty but intensive briefing by the military and State Department men who now dominate his thinking. The voice was the voice of Harry Truman, but the words were those of Forrestal, Marshall, Harriman, Leahy, Lovett—none of them men with any political experience or understanding of the currents of feeling in the country. No doubt they told the President that matters were too urgent for delay, that he must forget politics. As a result, he managed to create an atmosphere of alarm damped down with resentment. The alarm may help pass the measures he demands, but only if it is justified by facts. If it is not, then the resentment produced by his cavalier treatment of the political leaders will almost certainly mean the defeat of his program—a defeat whose consequences in Europe have already been pointed out by the London *Times*. The more serious the situation is, the more unwise was Mr. Truman's handling of it. This is not a moment when the President of the United States can either lightly propose warlike measures or lightly risk their rejection.

ON THEIR merits, the President's proposals call for close and objective consideration. The rapid deterioration of our relations with Russia is a plain fact. Whether it justifies the adoption of universal military training and conscription depends on a sober estimate of the chance of finding a peaceful way out of the present mess. These measures are not to be looked upon as casual parts of a defense program. For the United States to accept conscription in time of peace is a momentous political act, a violation of very deep traditions and habits of mind. No President would suggest such a move without reckoning on the impact it will have, at home and overseas.

So one must consider clearly the implications of Mr. Truman's demand. Does it mean that he expects Russia to attack in the West? Or do his advisers know of a plan to turn the Italian election into a coup by the use of threat and pressure as in Czechoslovakia? The Communist overturn in Prague was a sharp warning that democratic coalition governments are no longer regarded as useful in the Soviet sphere. It did not alter the actual balance of power in Europe, although Mr. Truman cited it as new evidence of Russia's aggressive intentions. Actually, American policy toward Czechoslovakia had been governed from the start by the assumption that the Prague regime, however democratic in form, was under Moscow's control. So unless the State Department has good evidence that similar tactics are planned in Italy—or in Norway or France—the Czech coup would hardly warrant the President's urgent warning.

Possibly the department does have evidence. If so, a further question arises: Is our government prepared to advocate a "preventive" war against Russia whenever a Western country appears likely to go Communist—with or without direct pressure from Moscow? Perhaps, indeed, this is the chief question. Certainly it should be put to Mr. Truman and his advisers before a vote is taken on the measures he has proposed, for it goes to the very root of our foreign policy as well as our plans for military preparation.

Last summer, Secretary Marshall suggested a scheme for large-scale economic aid to Europe as a bulwark against collapse. He recognized specifically that communism would be the natural recourse of peoples suffering from hunger and despair, and he advocated close cooperation and economic planning among the European nations to lay the basis for recovery, with American help.

The Marshall Plan was regarded throughout Western Europe and in America as a far-sighted alternative to economic chaos on the one hand and political intervention on the other. Even labor and left forces in Europe—apart from out-and-out Communists—welcomed the proposal and collaborated in preparing for it. Suspicion that it might entail political conditions was, on the whole, offset by the critical need of help and the conviction that people should not be starved into revolution. Today, in Paris, the sixteen cooperating nations are completing plans for helping to administer E. R. P. when it is finally adopted.

In his speech, Mr. Truman tied up the Marshall Plan in a single bundle with selective service and military training; and the Western European governments are looking to the United States to guarantee their security with assurances of military support. The Western Union launched at Brussels with the five-power agreement the day the President's message was delivered is not the "third force" liberals have advocated but rather a defensive alliance born out of fear of Russia and of communism. What the President has proposed is to change the Marshall Plan into a Truman Doctrine for Western Europe by promising to go to the rescue of nations threatened by communism.

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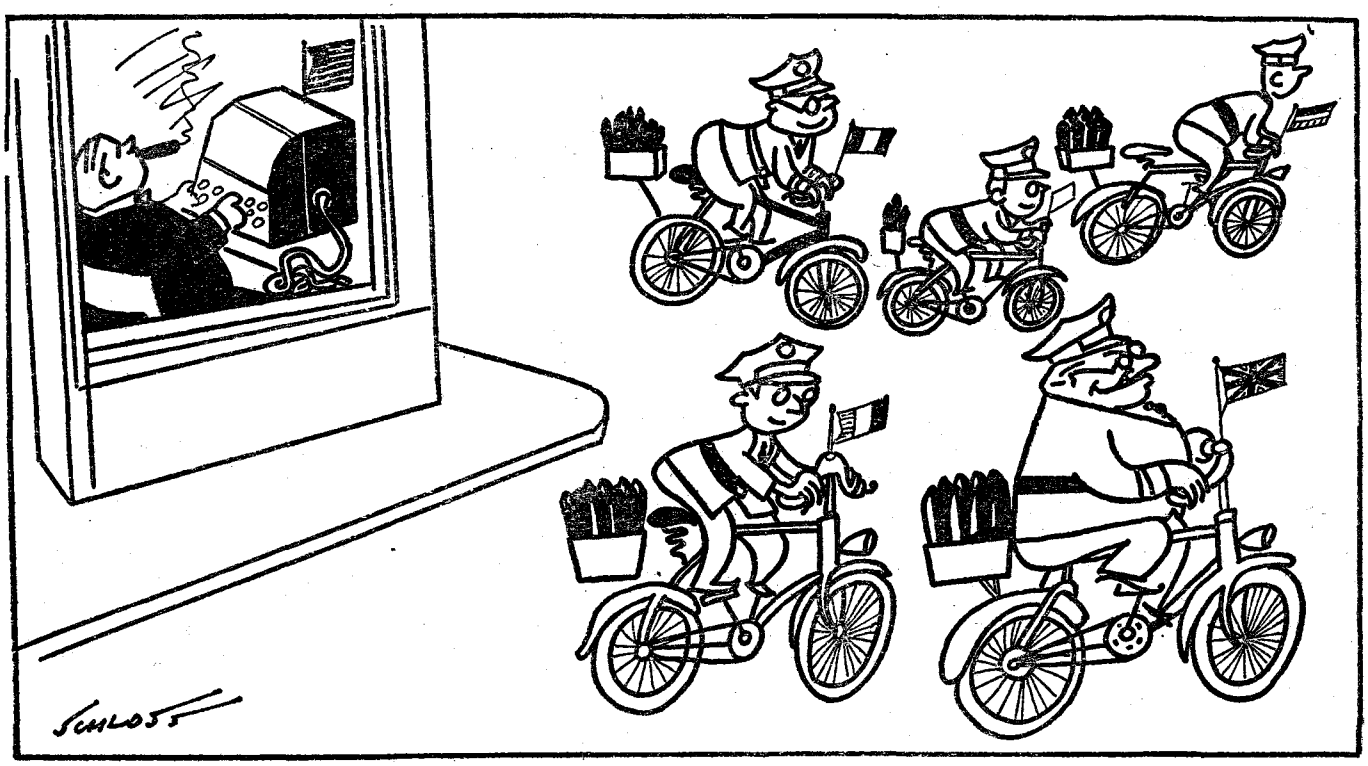
BEFORE the people of the United States decide this is necessary, they should consider the nature and habits of communism. An alliance to prevent armed aggression against any of our Western allies can certainly be justified if hope of collective security is to be abandoned, although even a mutual-defense agreement would involve this country far beyond any previous engagements it has made, since it would presumably expose us to the danger of being dragged into a war arising out of some dispute not of our making. But if we are on the verge of going even farther, and committing ourselves to armed intervention to preserve the status quo in France or Norway, Belgium or Italy, then we had better scrutinize rather narrowly our chance of success.

The best gauge of the possibilities is to be found in Greece. A year after the Truman Doctrine was proclaimed, Greece stands as a monument of failure. True, Russia is not in Greece; communism has been kept at bayonet-length. But what else have we accomplished by our arms and money? We have maintained a cruel, corrupt oligarchy that survives on terror and American money. The guerrillas, led by Communists, multiply. The people starve. Our credit with Greek democrats is zero, since we are properly held responsible for the behavior of the ruling group. The story of the first year is summed up by Constantine Poulos on the next page.

What reason have we to hope that a Truman Doctrine applied to all Europe will succeed better? What reason have we to believe, on the basis of our record in Greece, that the use of force will strengthen democracy against communism? Is it not clear, on the contrary, that communism flows easily through military barriers and is checked only by a stabilization of economic life and a rise in living standards?

Our foreign policy has been corrupted from the start by its dependence on force and its alliance with reaction. It is no accident that Truman's speech was followed by Marshall's demand for $275,000,000 more for Greece and Turkey, or that the question of including Franco Spain in the Western bloc is being raised in Paris. Russia's brutal tactics in Czechoslovakia have contributed the panic needed to sweep aside the doubts and scruples of Western European leaders who, even a few months ago, would have utterly rejected the idea of a union including Franco and supported by American arms. But reason still insists that no new military alliance will end the danger of Communist infiltration.

Hope lies in a democratic Europe united in social and economic planning, backed by American dollars and good-will. Hope lies in an honest attempt to use the United Nations to break down hostility and reach agreement with Russia on specific international problems. It is true, as the President charged, that Russia has undermined the United Nations by boycotting its agencies, using the veto as a weapon of obstruction, and subverting the debates in the Assembly to its own political ends. But Mr. Truman would be on firmer ground to deliver lectures to Stalin if he were not implicated at this moment in a maneuver to destroy the Palestine agreement—even if the U. N. is also destroyed in the process. This maneuver itself was dictated by the advisers who stood at his elbow when he wrote his address to Congress.



WESTERN UNION

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# The Lesson of Greece

BY CONSTANTINE POULOS

THIS month marks two events in the history of modern Greece—the 127th anniversary of the beginning of the Greek War of Independence and the completion of the first year of American control.

One year ago, on March 12, President Truman asked Congress to authorize assistance to Greece and Turkey. In addition to funds, the President asked Congress for "the detail of American civilian and military personnel to Greece and Turkey, at the request of those countries, to assist in the task of reconstruction and for the purpose of supervising the use of such financial and material assistance as may be furnished."

On July 16 Secretary of State Marshall announced that United States military officers in Greece had the right "to advise" the Greek army on how to carry on war against the guerrillas.

On February 11, 1948, Colonel Augustus J. Regnier, commanding officer of the United States army detachment assigned to the Greek army's corps headquarters in Salonika, was quoted by the United Press as saying, "I led one platoon to the topmost mountain peak, although I had to hit the dirt often." This action was carried out after the Greek commander had rejected the combat "advice" of the American officer, according to the dispatch. The publication of the U. P. story here was quickly followed by half a dozen feeble denials, a brief flurry of censorship on the part of the American Mission for Aid to Greece, and Colonel Regnier's transfer out of Salonika.

Last month, too, Major Morell Sexton, assigned to the headquarters of the 15th Mountain Division, was "hugging cold mother earth as guerrilla machine-gun bullets fanned the air above." According to the Chicago *Daily News* correspondent on the spot, "Sexton asked the Greek battalion commander how come he didn't keep pushing and smash the machine-guns. The commander said he did not care to risk casualties. Sexton logically remarked that casualties were part of any war." When a Greek brigade commander told Colonel Marcus Adams, commanding the American military detachment stationed at Kozani, that he needed more guns in order to fight the guerrillas, Colonel Adams replied: "Cut yourself a switch and beat them to death with it. Why, you have a lot more machine-guns than I did when I fought the Germans."

A third incident reported by the Chicago *Daily News* correspondent in a dispatch intended to describe the difficulties of the American assignment concerned a nameless American officer who "toiled through a panhandling village. The Greek in charge said the village was unfriendly to the government, the citizens therein always aiding the guerrillas. 'Well,' said the practical Yank, 'burn the village.' "

In another dispatch the same correspondent reported that these American officers recently sketched out a "little plan" calling for Greek army units to climb the hills and flush a group of guerrillas. He also said the American officers insisted on going along to see "how it came out." Over this dispatch the Chicago *Daily News* placed a two-column head: "Blueprint for Killing Is U. S. Job in Greece."

THE White House is more discreet. In President Truman's Second Report to Congress on Aid to Greece and Turkey, dated February 16, one section is headed The Military Situation, but it does not give the picture presented by American correspondents in Greece. The function of the American military personnel has admittedly shifted from "supervising the use of material" to "extending military advice to the Greek army staff down to and including the divisional level," but the bland comment is offered that the "United States military advisers will neither participate in combat nor command Greek troops." The report is obviously far behind actual events. It remains to be seen whether the American people and Congress will learn of the dispatch of a large-scale expeditionary force to Greece before or after American soldiers are fighting in the Greek mountains.

This second report of the President's, like the first, presents a most superficial picture of the Greek situation. It is not a progress report, because there has been no progress. It notes, however, that commodity prices rose 32.5 per cent from March 31 to November 30, 1947, "and the trend remained upward during the final week of the year." The value of the drachma declined from 7,914 to the dollar on January 31, 1947, to 11,510 on the last day of that year. The charts show—though there is no mention of it in the text—that commodity prices and the exchange rates of the drachma had remained fairly stable all through 1946 and up to March, 1947. The thin black lines start zooming straight up only after

*CONSTANTINE POULOS, former Balkan correspondent of* The Nation *and the Overseas News Agency, is now in this country preparing a book on Greece.*

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March, 1947. One important and significant example may be cited: the free-market value of the gold sovereign, which had fluctuated between 129,000 and 138,000 drachmas during 1946, climbed from a fifteen-month low point of 128,000 in March, 1947, to above 200,000 last December. (The latest reports from Athens say it is now 235,000.) Gold is the medium which all the smart guys in Athens deal in, hoard, and send out of the country for safekeeping. Apparently right from the beginning they were less optimistic about the Truman Doctrine's success than the State Department and the American generals.

The steeply climbing black lines, starting in March, 1947, also undermine the claim of the State Department that the Truman Doctrine didn't really get under way until after July 30, 1947, when Congress passed the appropriation act. The big-money crowd of Athens didn't wait until August to speed up their salting-away activities. And evidently no one told Napoleon Zervas, then Minister of the Interior, about the United States' legislative procedures, for he used President Truman's declaration as a signal to go ahead with his plan to destroy all progressive forces in Greece. From March, when he rounded up and exiled nearly 1,000 men and women, he maintained a steady pace to mid-July, when he arrested more than 7,000 persons for complicity in an alleged "plot to overthrow the government." During the same period 3,000 school teachers were purged, as well as an unknown number of civil servants.

A year ago President Truman said, "The extension of aid by this country does not mean that the United States condones everything that the Greek government has done or will do." Possibly a few people took that statement seriously at the time, but not in all Greece, not in all Europe, is there one thinking person today who could be convinced that the Greek government is a free agent, able to act independently of American wishes.

Loy Henderson's speech on February 18 before the Women's Section of the Kentucky Americans for Democratic Action (of all places!) is far more revealing than the President's report. It should be. As head of the State Department's Division of Near Eastern Affairs, Henderson is directly in charge of the Greek show.

President Truman may not "condone." Henderson does. His reply to critics of the Greek government indicates that the Greek officials who are commemorating the first anniversary of the Truman Doctrine by stepping up the arrests of "suspected Communists and other leftists" and "imputing American approval" (New York *Herald Tribune*, March 3) are for once not being dishonest. Ex-Ambassador Lincoln MacVeagh used to throw up his hands and express "surprise" at the "extent" of Zervas's wholesale roundups (New York *Times*, July 13, 1947.) The American mission's civilian and military chiefs, Dwight Griswold and Major General James A. Van Fleet, protest that the current arrests were undertaken without their being consulted (*Herald Tribune*, March 3); and late last year (*Times*, December 9, 1947) Clinton Golden, chief of the American mission's labor division, declared that he had not been "consulted or informed in advance" of the Greek government's decision to pass legislation threatening strikers with the death penalty. Nevertheless, the Athens cabal has a right to claim American approval. Henderson said: "There can be no doubt that under stress and strain Greek government officials and other loyal Greeks do at times commit acts which are not in strict accord with democratic concepts." And he continued: "If, however, Communist-led guerrillas with powerful foreign aid were making raids and destroying life and property in great areas of the United States . . . it is doubtful that we would be as restrained as the loyal Greeks have been and still are toward the guerrillas or toward guerrilla sympathizers."

This restraint has been exercised by parading partisan war prisoners through the streets of Salonika, dragging political prisoners out of jails and massacring them, encouraging the decapitation of guerrilla prisoners and the exhibition of their heads.

A YEAR ago liberal and progressive voices in the United States pleaded for an honest attitude toward Greece. Economic assistance to Greece and the Greek people was urged, but at the same time the dangers involved in continuing British policy in Greece were pointed out. The savagely reactionary character of the Greek ruling groups was recorded, and the consequences of supporting them were predicted. The general economic rot was documented in *The Nation*—the exploitation of the country's wretchedness by "profiteers, traders, speculators, and black marketeers who thrive in wealth and luxury while the masses of people live on bare subsistence." It was also correctly predicted in these pages that the current crop of Greek politicians would stall and block whatever economic reforms were not acceptable to their privileged backers.

No exceptional foresight was required to see that the Athens crowd would be unable to eliminate the guerrilla threat and that the Greek government would eventually ask that United States funds be shifted from the economic-aid program to the military. The Greek politicians' shrewd manipulation of the American commitment seems to have been anticipated by everyone except the State Department.

A year ago *The Nation* insisted that support of the corrupt royalist gang would hasten the polarization of political forces and prolong the excesses of both left and right. It said that the great mass of the Greek people stood between the two extremes and asked only for social justice, for peace, for bread, and for an end to

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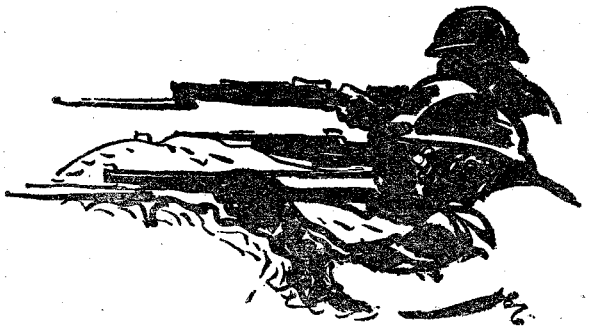
age-long misery and civil war. And, finally, it warned against the negative strategy of attempting to check communism with guns and proposed instead a positive plan to restore "the constitutional liberties of the Greek people."

Things have come to pass, step by step, just as was foretold. The economic situation, even after the injection of so many millions of dollars, is still as "chaotic as possible," according to the Export-Import Bank. To the Greek politicians the maintenance of their creaking political bureaucracy is still more important than any reform or reconstruction. There are more guerrillas in the mountains today than there were a year ago. There are more Communists in Greece today than there were a year ago —and they now have a ridiculous rump government of their own. Civil rights have been hacked away; military courts, "completely independent of the government," arrest and execute whom they will. The prisons and penal islands are packed, the refugee camps are overflowing, the cemeteries are crowded.

Yet Washington prefers to hide its dismal failure in Greece behind a series of rationalizations—"the lack of security, the lack of confidence in the drachma, the continued stagnation of Greek capital and enterprise," the unexpected appearance of a "number of negative factors of an administrative or economic nature which could not be determined in advance and could not therefore be given consideration when the size and scope of the aid-to-Greece program was first presented to Congress." Not one of these facts which Henderson so blandly lists as responsible for the lack of "more substantial progress" in the past year is a *cause*. They are all the *effects* of conditions described many times long before the Truman Doctrine was ever dreamed of.

The basic cause of Greece's sickening disintegration is in Athens, not in the mountains. A Foreign Policy Association report issued last September repeated the ancient warning that American aid alone could not keep communism out of Greece—it must be accompanied by political reforms. But Henderson says, "The United States is not in the business of making or breaking Greek governments." Either Henderson has a short memory or the deceitful habits of Athens are not only being defended by the Near Eastern Division but imitated by it as well. Barely five and a half months ago a State Department official named Loy Henderson rushed to Greece, "broke" the one-week-old government of Constantin Tsaldaris, and "made" another with Themistocles Sophoulis as Premier. A good conservative source, Joseph Alsop, wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune* of October 22, 1947, "The present Greek government is American-made. Ambassador MacVeagh, Governor Griswold, and Loy Henderson had to intervene rather forcefully to secure its formation." "That was a big day for Loy Henderson," said the *Times* (September 4, 1947).



Henderson played on the vanity of old Sophoulis and made him "a captive of the right" (*PM*, December 15, 1947; New York *Times*, March 7, 1948). In the Greek Parliament, on January 28, 1947, Sophoulis said: "The military expeditions and the death sentences issued by courts martial, the widespread arrests of citizens, the thousands of deportations of other citizens—most of whom are innocent—and the extraordinary police measures have not only failed to put an end to the guerrilla movement or even to diminish it but have extended the evil, and the persistence of the government in following this course of action constitutes a truly national misfortune." Seven months later Henderson wangled the Premiership away from the royalists and gave it to Sophoulis, thus providing the State Department and the royalists with a liberal front. Today Sophoulis defends "the speed-up in executions" and the deportations and says, "If the arrested can produce evidence that they voted in the last elections they are given a clean slate" (New York *Herald Tribune*, March 10). He forgets evidently that eleven of his ministers—not one of them a leftist and two of them former premiers—resigned from the government he headed in March, 1946, rather than take part in the elections under existing conditions. In any case, Henderson's manipulation of the Athens crowd will not alter the situation, and he will not be able to report any "more substantial progress." He should not, however, rub it in "that so long as we adhere to our present policies with regard to Greece, the American taxpayer will, among his other burdens, be compelled to expend large sums in Greece."

The Boston *Globe* on December 18, 1947, ended a strong editorial review of the Greek situation with the question: "Isn't it time our policy in Greece was reassessed?" It is past time, but it still cannot be expected. Today it is clear that Washington's policy-makers and their backers cannot use the only weapons which would stop communism in Greece—political democracy and economic democracy. The latter, after all, is a two-edged sword. Disaster in Greece draws slowly but inevitably nearer. All can see it coming but are either unwilling or powerless to prevent it. The only thing to be done now is to report "progress"—the number of Greeks dead and dying—as the milestones of the Truman Doctrine are passed.

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# *Three Greek Poems*

[*The poems on this page were selected some time ago from Greek newspapers and magazines. The selection and publication are on* The Nation's *initiative, and there has been no direct contact with the authors.*]

## DAYS OF WRATH

The night of the second of December lasted
Till the fifth and even the sixth of the month.
The barren branches were the first to overhear
The dark voice of a man
Who spoke like law:
"We shall not hand our arms over."
The sun nodded as an accomplice
Who desires escape.
But the people suspected;
They remained gloomy to the end.

They did not ask for bread which was their due
They asked for the right to clamor
To show the wound of betrayal
Along the guilty space of centuries.
But some who have fat in their skulls
Called the storm-like echo of their suffering "noise."

The black light overcomes darkness
Where ammunition is sufficient
And frequent explosions
Turn hearts to hammered steel.

Bare-footed youths in helmets,
Helmets from Germans and Italians,
Perhaps from English too,
Regulate the dance of the ruins
The creative breath of destruction.
—Within us lives a small criminal
Hired for the service of God—
And the night sings, the night moans,
Coughs of fire rip the house tops,
Houses come astride in the pavement,
Squares burst open like stale bread loaves,
Old beams spring upright,
And the dignified flats
Start a dramatic belly dance.

Nothing more. No exaggeration.
Sidewalks have sprung wings.
The word "people" acquires full significance.
The dark young men that walked barefoot
Met their Creator on that day,
Judged His work sternly,
And on encountering Eternity so lame
Presented her a pair of crutches.

Yet many were unable to understand
To understand this darkness.
And Tamerlane, a marshal and a specialist
In liberated countries small,
Sprayed Athens with bullets.

On the sky white clouds are marching,
On the earth march the workmen,
And underground the dynamite . . .
A student of the Polytechnic coming forth
Stood with his rifle before the tank.
—What do you want of us he asked the stranger
And he and his rifle were one voice.
And the Englishman stepped down to answer
But student and rifle were a pillar of light
So the Englishman climbed back and left.
But in his place came many more.

Two hundred and thirty-four dead
That were defeated in defeating Greece.
They murdered their mother.
Yet only we may weep over you,
For we have the right to weep
For we are killers and we kill
For we are brigands and we loot
For on the shoulders of such hangmen as we
Are suspended all men's hopes.

A. PANSELINOS

## MESSAGE

'Twas our sons the enemy
Killed first—O bitter pride—
That they may kill without shame.
The Americans call them "bandits,"
It's they your arms kill—they, our brood,
You are killing our brood and should know it.
O women of America, it's time
To know your friends from your enemies
Mothers without sons send this message.

FROM A GREEK WOMAN

## RESISTANCE

This is no ancient wrestling game
On marble thrashing floors
Akritas ready at one end
And Charon at the other . . .
By now the whole earth rises
The earth with all its dead
By death itself
To defeat death.

And up the highlands
On mountain tops flash
The beacons of Resurrection
A mighty tumult.

Greece leads the dance ring
High up with her *andartes*
The dance is many thousand deep
Many thousand deep the banquets,
The dead at the top places
Are the guests of honor.

ANGHELOS SIKELIANOS

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# The Rains Came

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

*Los Angeles, March 16*

THE rains finally came in California, on the night of March 13, bringing a measure of relief in the most serious drought the state has experienced in recent years. No inventory of losses has yet been prepared, but it is painfully apparent that the total figure will be high. Some 75,000 head of range cattle have been shipped out of the San Joaquin Valley; a state of emergency has been declared over two-thirds of California; some 50,000 farm workers were reported idle in the first week of March, largely as a result of drought conditions. The use of water in Santa Barbara has been restricted to cooking and sanitation; watering lawns and irrigating shrubs and trees have been forbidden by ordinance. Schools were closed in Ventura when the city water mains, despite severe rationing, went dry. Cattle have been shipped from Santa Rosa Island to the mainland, and the state's "dry-farm crops," including a $69,000,000 barley crop, a $30,000,000 wheat crop, and a $6,500,000 oat crop are still in jeopardy. Moreover, the effects of drought in a state with such a diversified agriculture are cumulative. A vineyard or orchard which is sunburned one year may show the damage for years, and thus the full losses caused by this drought may not be known for some time. With modifications, similar conditions have prevailed in large parts of Nevada.

The water shortage, of course, is closely related to the shortage of electric power. Mountain snowfall, it is reported, has been so slight as to endanger the supply of electric power for pumping and irrigation. And the demand for power increases as the water table drops. According to the Division of Water Resources, the water table is sinking lower and lower in most of California. Other factors behind the present power shortage are the great increase in population, the lack of real cooperation between the federal government and private utility empires like the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, and the criminal failure of the private utilities to plan for an expanding energy-base. On the day that the rains finally came, daylight-saving time went into effect as an emergency power-conservation measure. Industrial users of electric power are limited by the P. G. and E. to 80 per cent of what they used last year; power switches have been pulled to curb irrigation pumps; and farmers in the Central Valley have been forced to irrigate at night when the power load is light. It has recently been revealed, too, that in all except four of the last thirty years peak demand for power in the area served by the P. G. and E. has exceeded that of the preceding year; so that the company is now forced to admit that it has been consistently unable to keep pace with the peak-demand increase since 1932! Despite this damaging admission, the company continues to obstruct the power-generating and -distributing potential of the publicly owned Central Valley Project.

Faced with an emergency of this kind, Californians might be expected, at long last, to devote serious attention to the interrelated aspects of a problem which, today as yesterday, so vitally affects the welfare of the state. But Californians, with an exception to be noted here and there, are still living in a dream world. Indicative of the general lack of understanding are current proposals to memorialize Congress to finance "cloud-milking" experiments and to use the waters of the Pacific Ocean through some mysterious application of atomic power. One might forgive this relapse into infantile fantasy if California's domineering, self-interested, ruthless water policy did not have an impact on other Western states.

In the middle of the current crisis California obtained the expert services of Charles L. Patterson, who had been chief engineer of the Colorado Water Conservation Board, to help the state obtain a larger share of the water of the Colorado River. Governor W. Lee Knous of Colorado promptly denounced this action in a telegram to Governor Warren, basing his protest on the incontestable fact that Mr. Patterson will now be in a position to give California the benefit of information he acquired while in the employ of Colorado. The Denver *Post* has quite properly castigated this piece of power politics as "a new low in trickery." Almost on the very day that he dispatched his sizzling wire to Mr. Warren, Governor Knous received a letter from the Director of Agriculture in California asking if Colorado would please be so kind as to find some upland pastures for California's famished cattle.

In their clumsy efforts to reassure the people of the state by recalling other droughts that California has survived, irresponsible boosters and realtors are concealing the fact that the current emergency, measured in terms of the present industrial and agricultural needs of the state, is ten times worse than any ever experienced before. Though it was considered serious enough to justify stealing a confidential employee of the state of Colorado, Cali-

*CAREY McWILLIAMS, a staff contributor, has just brought out a new book, "A Mask for Privilege."*

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fornia still refuses to seek a real accord with Arizona which might end the long-standing and essentially fruitless feud with that state over the waters of the Colorado. Despite the fact that the Colorado River Compact reserved 7,500,000 acre feet of water for use in the upper basin of the river, the City of Los Angeles has constructed enough canals and aqueducts to carry all the water in the river, and it now contends that it is entitled to as much water as these facilities can handle.

THE plain fact is that natural resources in the West can be properly utilized only if regionally integrated. There is more water than is needed in some areas, not enough in others; a deficit of power here, a surplus of power there. Conservation of water and power requires a region-wide utilization of watersheds, a farsighted forestry program (including restriction of grazing rights), national planning, and the maximum inter-state good-will. California will not further the required degree of cooperation by continuing to assert that its Imperial Valley "winter garden" should prosper at the expense of Arizona's gardens.

As the largest and politically most powerful Western state, California has developed a domineering attitude toward its neighbors and a policy of grab. Since eventually it must seek an accord with the other Western states, it needs to adopt a more statesman-like good-neighbor policy. The Portland *Oregonian,* in an editorial printed on March 1, touched upon this basic issue and observed that "power-starved, water-short California needs to get out of the habit of thinking of that state as a self-contained empire." In short, the state should grow up politically. At one time it was quite accurate to think of California as a self-contained empire—Lord Bryce so described it—but that day is over.

In cooperation with the eight Mountain and the three West Coast states the federal government should call a conference on the natural and human resources of the entire area for the purpose of projecting the idea of their region-wide integration, development, and exchange. One conference, of course, would not achieve this end, but a start would be made. As a postscript, I should like to add that in my opinion a great political destiny awaits the Western political figure—Congressman, Senator, or Governor—who first assumes leadership of a movement to develop and to manage cooperatively, with the aid of the federal government, the natural resources of the West.

# *Prague's February Revolution*

BY RICHARD H. S. CROSSMAN

*Prague, March 17*

IT WAS on Sunday morning that we drove out to Lany, a cloudless day with a nip in the air. When we parked the car outside the wall of the little village graveyard, there was already a long queue shuffling down the path to Jan Masaryk's grave, as patient and forlorn as the million who had thronged below the pantheon the day before. We laid our wreaths and went into the chapel to sign our names there. On the opposite page, clear and strong, was Jan Masaryk's signature. He had visited his father's grave alone and stood there for one hour just two days before he killed himself.

What had he thought? The question hung in my mind during the endless interviews and conversations of the next three days. The answer to it might solve the riddle of this tortuous crisis which is already being overlaid with anxious rationalizations and exculpations. Jan Masaryk was at the center of it. By what he did and said he confirmed the Communists in power. By his death he robbed them of the legitimation of his father's name. Why did he change his mind?

In Communist history the Prague February revolution will be remembered as a brilliant defense of the state against a reactionary conspiracy encouraged, if not actually instigated, by the American embassy. As a result of Gottwald's statesmanship and the spontaneous revolutionary action of the working class, civil war was averted, the republic saved. The democratic version is somewhat different: that an ill-prepared and tactically inept attempt was made by the right-wing parties to forestall a carefully prepared Communist coup d'état before the elections; that the Communists seized the opportunity afforded by the resignation of the ministers to fill the vacant posts with stooges; that they engineered mass action to liquidate parliamentary democracy, with the result that suddenly the Czechoslovakian state machine switched from democratic into Communist gear and from the easy rhythm of law and order into the roaring speed of a one-party state.

Both versions are over-simplifications. Those who assert that the Communists were planning a coup d'état anyway and merely advanced the date, owing to the Cabinet crisis, probably overestimate Communist foresight. They were certainly anxious about the elections and furious with the right-wing parties in the coalition for their increasingly obstructive attitude toward nationalization. But the Communists had no need of a coup, since power was already substantially in their hands.

What probably happened was that they were caught unawares by the ministerial crisis, their success being due

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less to elaborate plans than to brilliant improvisation of revolutionary tactics. They were as surprised as their opponents by the speed and completeness of their victory. On the other hand, the Communist story of a reactionary conspiracy for the purpose of swinging Czechoslovakia into the Western bloc is palpably absurd. There was plenty of outspoken anti-communism in the right-wing press and in military, business, and academic circles, but no one doubted that friendship with Russia must remain the cornerstone of foreign policy.

The attack on communism was on domestic issues. The nationalization program, to which all parties agreed, is much more drastic than ours in Britain, and there is no arrangement yet for compensation. The drying-up of UNRRA supplies and the catastrophic drought last summer have produced an acute food crisis which is likely to get much worse. Naturally there was widespread popular discontent, which tended to work against the Communists because they are the opponents of Marshall aid. The right-wing parties exploited this grumbling for electoral purposes, but there is no reason to believe that they seriously considered the possibility of even excluding the Communists from the coalition. How could they with the Communists in control of the police and backed by the working-class movement?

The aim of the Czech Socialist Party, which is now accused of leading the conspiracy, was very modest. (This is the party known until last month as the Czech National Socialist Party.) They wanted to score a tactical victory by obtaining a concession from Prime Minister Gottwald on a single minor issue—the appointment of eight police officials in Prague. In this way they hoped, with the help of the Social Democrats, to show the Communists that any hanky-panky before the election was ruled out. The Social Democrats, though the smallest party, were in a key position. If their ministers resigned along with those of the three right-wing parties, it was reckoned that Masaryk would follow suit. Then the President could legitimately refuse to accept the resignations and Gottwald might have to sacrifice his Minister of the Interior.

This was the plan. It may have been inept, but it was not a conspiracy to overthrow the state. It misfired because the National Socialists made two mistakes. In the first place, they hoped to win a Cabinet intrigue against an opponent who held the real power and was only too ready to use it ruthlessly at the first sign of danger. In the second place, it was a tragic miscalculation to bank on the Social Democrats. True, the right at the Brno conference had defeated Fierlinger by sixty to forty and voted Laushman, an unstable careerist, into the chair, but the Social Democrats are a weak middle-class party. Once they saw that organized labor was behind Gottwald, the right wing ran for cover in the Communist action committees, while the left wing wrung its hands and said, "We told you that this would happen if you tried any tricks." Once the Socialists collapsed, everything was lost.

Masaryk stayed on at the Foreign Office. Benes had to accept the twelve resignations, and Gottwald replaced them with twelve reliable men. A move designed to weaken the Communists resulted in their obtaining total power within a few hours. Czechoslovakia was transformed from a parliamentary democracy into a workers' and peasants' state on the Eastern model. Action committees sprang up in every city and village and began a vast purge of reactionaries. The workers' militia paraded in Prague. The Central Committee of the Trade Unions equipped it with 5,000 new rifles from a government small-arms factory. The secret police took quiet precautions against trouble in the army or air force, and the whole labor movement responded to the Prime Minister's appeal. Against this demonstration of left solidarity a few hundred students of Prague University were the only people who dared to make a public protest.

ACCORDING to politics and class, the Czech people accepted the February revolution either with proletarian enthusiasm or with the hypnotized rigor of a rabbit facing a stoat. Revolution has its own momentum. Gottwald has driven the parliamentary opposition underground and so created the conditions for the conspiracy he claims to have forestalled. There are plenty of brave anti-Communists with experience of illegal resistance to provide him with justification for another turn of the screw immediately. The main issue is whether to stage a Petkov trial or not. Both Nosek and Slansky, who as secretary of the Communist Party is by far the biggest man in the country today, assured me that they did not intend to do so. Only the secretary of the Czech Socialist Party and some civil servants who supplied him with secret information are to be charged with espionage, and three officials of the American embassy have been asked to leave the country.

Will this really be all? The February revolution was not a workers' rising against a reactionary regime. It was a coup undertaken by the unchallengeable masters of the state against a disorganized and rather incompetent opposition. Maybe in the present state of Europe the delicate equilibrium on which democracy depends could not have been sustained in Czechoslovakia. Maybe the Czech Socialist and Social Democratic leaders were inept and irresponsible, but the fact remains that three weeks ago Czechoslovakia was a country with civil liberties and parliamentary institutions. Today that is no longer true. When I said this to a young Communist, he replied, "But it's such a small price to pay for a great leap forward to socialism, such a small price!" That I believe was the question which Jan Masaryk pondered by his father's grave. By then, alas, the price had been paid, and he knew it was much too high.

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# *America: There Is No Peace*

BY SELDEN C. MENEFEE

THE bus was rolling across the winter landscape of southern Indiana, past brown fields, red barns, and bare trees. The woman in the seat next to me was going to Vincennes on a shopping trip. Our conversation swung around to the question of feeding Europe, and she passed on to me the views of her minister. He had been in Europe last summer and on his return had reported that the people were not so hungry as we were told. When she finished, I said that I too had been in Europe and had got quite a different impression.

After we pulled out of Vincennes, a woman who had been sitting in front of us moved into the vacant seat beside me. "I could not help overhearing you say you were in Europe last spring," she explained in a heavy German accent. "I hope you will not think me too bold if I ask you, where did you visit?" At my mention of Geneva, she became almost lyrical. "But this is wonderful! I myself am Swiss, from Zurich." She was a writer and lecturer, she said, just ending a two months' tour of the United States. I asked the usual question, "What do you think of America?" and she gave the usual answer, "It is so big—it is overwhelming." Then she added thoughtfully, "I do not feel that I understand your people. They are hard to know. They move around so much, they are so intent on so many different things. They seem to have so little in common."

I tried to offer an explanation. Americans had always been footloose, and now millions had been uprooted by the war and were trying to readjust themselves. It didn't satisfy her. "I do not mean that. That is inevitable," she said. "I mean to say they do not seem to have the common purpose, the stability, the peace of mind. We Swiss value that so much. Americans do not seem to be at peace, with themselves or with the world."

We turned to other things, but what she had said nagged at my mind. I was on the last leg of an eight-thousand-mile, month-long trip around the country, most of it by bus. I'd talked to people of every sort in big cities and small towns. Her halting observations seemed to summarize all I had seen.

When the war ended, we expected to breathe an atmosphere of international good-will and to wallow happily in the improved living conditions of a post-war plastic world. Inflation and the cold war with Russia have killed these hopes. People are absorbed in their own affairs, in their private race against inflation. Most of them are optimistic enough about their personal situation, but if you draw them out on national and international issues, you get the full measure of their confusion.

Early in 1943 I had made a much more ambitious survey of the country while organizing a field staff for a public-opinion poll. I had traveled steadily then for three months, covered 15,000 miles, and talked to many hundreds of citizens to get a picture of what was happening on the home front. The people were not too clear as to what the war was about, but they knew we had to beat Germany and Japan, and the great majority of them were doing all they could to that end. Their confidence in their leaders was strong, their faith in a decent post-war world unshakable. This time, by contrast, I found people disillusioned and resentful.

EVERYWHERE people complained about the steady upswing in living costs. "Everything is going sky-high; I can't seem to make ends meet any more," said a waitress from Pittsburgh. "The prices they charge these days are just terrible," complained a housewife from Bedford, Indiana. "My sister is married to a man with a good income, but even so, with two children to provide for they can hardly get along. It wasn't so bad during the war; you couldn't get things then, but at least there was a good reason. Nowadays things are back in the stores, but you can't afford to buy them."

Many people's views on high prices show a certain ambivalence. A taciturn Marshfield, Oregon, barber said, "Sure, prices are awful here—higher than in Portland even. But at least everybody seems to be working." A garrulous female farm laborer who was going from Ventura to Brawley, California, philosophized: "Prices are terrible—they're worse here than in Texas. But they say they're paying pretty good wages down in the Imperial Valley."

Some have worked out their own solution for the twin problems of inflation and depression. A cattle rancher from the Big Hole country of Montana said to me, "This is no time to buy land or anything else. Prices are getting so high they're bound to drop soon. I figure it's better to save money now and buy later." A prosperous-looking North Dakota wheat farmer, bound for the Rockies on a hunting trip, boasted, "I sold 4,000 bushels of wheat this year for $3 a bushel. These are good times, but most of us put it right back into our farms. We've had some lean years, and we'll probably have more."

*SELDEN C. MENEFEE is a Washington research analyst and writer. His most recent book is "Assignment U. S. A."*

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I asked repeatedly for people's views on the restoration of price control. There was little enthusiasm for it. The Bedford housewife said, "I just don't see how it can be done. If you control wheat prices, that wouldn't be fair to the wheat farmer. He doesn't get a break very often." A real-estate agent in Portland, Oregon, said, "You take the man who raises chickens: he has to pay exorbitant prices for feed, and so on right down the line. You'd have to put controls on practically everything. I don't see how that can be done now the war's over." A railroad man from El Reno, Oklahoma, commented, "There's plenty of beefing about prices, all right —and with good reason. Some folks want price control, some don't. Anyhow, this rain ought to be good for the wheat. Maybe that'll bring prices down next year.

ON THE question of whether the Europeans really need relief great skepticism was expressed. And this was but one of a number of minor storm signals indicating a trend back toward isolationism, especially in the Midwest. I found little opposition to the Marshall Plan but even less information about it. An engineer from Clovis, New Mexico, remarked, "People down my way don't talk much about foreign policy. They leave it to the experts." A North Dakota housewife said, "I really don't know anything about the Marshall Plan except its name. But anything our government is for is all right, I guess. They have the facts—I don't." From a storekeeper in Tulsa: "I believe in helping these people if it will stop communism. But they shouldn't ask too much. They started the war, after all. It'd serve 'em right if we left 'em to stew in their own juice."

One of the few persons directly opposed to the Marshall Plan was a missionary just back from Chile. "The United States isn't the only country in the world," he said. "Let them get more help from other countries, like Argentina, for example. I don't see why we should think Europe our exclusive responsibility. The United Nations ought to handle this. I can't say I really understand the Marshall Plan, but I think we ought to clean up things at home before we try to settle the affairs of other countries all over the map." A skilled worker in Chicago expressed an even more isolationist point of view: "It won't do no good, all this help to Europe. They'll take what we give 'em and call us names—and go Communist in the end anyhow. Then in twenty years or so, after we've built them up, they'll start another war."

PEOPLE dread war with Russia, but they see no way out. A sweet, elderly woman who was employed as a nurse in the Seattle Boeing plant startled me by saying, "If our government has the facts about Russia, like you hear, I'd even be in favor of using the atomic bomb on them before they can use it on us."

The prevailing pessimism was expressed by an Oklahoma railroad man: "There's plenty of talk about war with Russia in El Reno. There just doesn't seem to be any way to avoid it—the Russians are so damned bullheaded." I asked a young lieutenant in the Army Air Forces who was stationed near Sacramento whether his friends at the field expected war. "Sure," he said. "But they don't agree on when it's coming. Some say one year, some two; one says ten years." Consciousness of the danger is heightened by rumors of war preparations. A Seattle bus driver told me, "It looks like they're getting ready for another war, all right. I hear they're hiring 300 men a day at Boeing. They're up to 15,000 again already, making those new big super-bombers. What's the matter with the politicians, in Washington and the U. N.? Can't they do anything to stop it?"

The feeling of helplessness in the face of the trend toward war is almost universal. An Ohio woman who had lost her husband in the last war asked me if I knew any way to prevent another. When I mentioned the suggestion made independently by Henry Wallace and Republican Representative Canfield of New Jersey that President Truman meet with Stalin once more, she commented doubtfully, "That might be a good idea, if we didn't give in to them too much. I don't believe in appeasement."

Very few voices were raised against the trend. An editor in Coos Bay, Oregon, said, "There's entirely too much talk about war with Russia. It doesn't do anybody any good." The wife of a farmer near Sacramento insisted that there must be some way to prevent it. "I can't believe that things would have come to such a pass," she added, "if Roosevelt had lived."

Only two of my informants discounted the war talk. One was a sawmill worker on his way to a job in northern California. "The Russians ought to quit acting so ornery. But I don't think they want a war. After all, we'd beat the pants off them if they started anything, and they know it." A Chicago steamfitter said, "Why should we worry about what the Russians do in Europe? There are some people who just want to get us into another war. Why do you think they're starting to make tank parts again? The Russians aren't going to attack us—they're too weak. If anybody starts a war, it will be us." He paused a minute, then added, "Maybe we'll have to if they keep on being so damned fresh."

BUT in the country there is much less active concern about the Communists than a resident of Washington might think. The Midwestern and Western papers have given little space to the anti-red drive or the loyalty purge, though of course the Hollywood hearing made headlines. Most of the people I talked to thought there were some Communists in Hollywood, but they had never come in contact with any "reds" in their own communities. A Chicago taxi driver said, "There aren't

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enough of them here to worry about. There will be, though; the way this country is being run will *make* Communists. High prices and high taxes on the little guy two years after the war's over. How's a man that earns $35 or $40 a week going to support a family?" An Arizona miner commented, "I don't see why there's so much fuss about the Communists. I don't think there'll ever be enough of 'em to worry about, here in America." The Oklahoma railroad man said with a laugh, "Not many Communists down our way, I guess. It's them Russians that worry us."

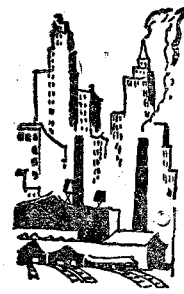
One man, the Oregon editor, blamed the Communists for a local labor dispute: "There are some Commies in the longshoremen's union, and they closed the whole port of Coos Bay down from the end of June until almost Labor Day in a jurisdictional dispute with the A. F. of L. That got people pretty mad. But as far as their communistic ideas are concerned, they keep them to themselves these days, and people around here don't pay much attention to them."

A Joplin, Missouri, housewife exclaimed, "Weren't those movie people terrible, refusing to answer questions? Something should be done about them." The Pittsburgh waitress said, "If they're really Russian agents, they ought to be thrown in jail." When I raised the question of civil liberties, she replied, "Oh, sure, I'm for the Bill of Rights and all that sort of thing, but maybe it ought to be changed so that anyone who plots to overthrow the government can be thrown out."

THESE are the things that ordinary Americans are saying on major issues. They are angry about inflation, angry at Russia, and unhappy because they don't know what to do about either. They feel confused about foreign policy but are inclined to follow the Administration's lead. In general they find national and international affairs so bewildering that they avoid thinking about them as far as possible.

In view of all this I was hardly surprised at the lack of interest in the coming national elections. When I asked my bus companions whom they would like to see elected President in 1948, I got few definite answers. Labor-union members were apt to be bitter against Senator Taft, but on the other hand I met little enthusiasm for Truman—or for Wallace either. Only the possible candidacy of General Eisenhower seemed to arouse any spontaneous interest. Minnesota residents and former residents usually maintained stoutly that Harold Stassen would be nominated and elected.

Many Americans seem almost nostalgic for the "bad" old days when at least there was a feeling of common purpose and a firm trust in the Roosevelt leadership. Perhaps either a war or a new popular leader of the stature of the late President will be required to restore the country's morale to the level of five years ago.



# EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

## Why Britain Needs Aid

MANY people seem to have forgotten that the letters E. R. P. stand for European Recovery Plan and are beginning to consider them as meaning Erase the Russian Peril. That seems to me a dangerous misdirection of thinking which could easily lead to the misdirection of resources in carrying out the plan. Naturally we hope that one result of E. R. P. will be to create conditions in Europe less conducive than present ones to the growth of communism. But let us remember that even if Russia were the best of good neighbors and had no fifth columns at its command, Europe would still be in a parlous state and still require aid. Nor would it be any less in America's interest to render that aid, for Europe occupies a pivotal position in the world's economy, and until its recovery is assured, there can be no hope of stable progress on this continent or anywhere else.

The desperate need for E. R. P. is well illustrated by the British government's new White Paper, "Economic Survey for 1948"—which sets forth import, export, production, and man-power targets for the first half of this year. Such targets have been selected without taking into account any possible American aid during this period, but the document makes it clear that they will have to be drastically revised if E. R. P. fails to relieve the present drain on British dollar reserves.

The problem of paying for necessary imports remains the outstanding preoccupation of the British government. Every other program—even one of such vital importance as housing—must be subordinated to this task, for the very life of the island, not to mention its economic progress, depends on an adequate inflow of food and raw materials. Last year Britain came nowhere near to paying its way internationally. The deficit in its balance of payments on current account totaled $2,700,000,000. The reduction in its gold and dollar reserves, including proceeds of the American and Canadian loans, was still greater, amounting to $3,852,000,000. The difference is explained by the inconvertibility of a considerable part of Britain's overseas earnings and by the fact that its reserves have to cover the dollar deficits of the whole sterling area.

In the first half of the current year the British government hopes for a much smaller deficit. While total imports are to be maintained, those from the Western Hemisphere, which must be paid for in dollars or currencies convertible into dollars, are to be cut sharply. At the same time exports to countries on this side of the Atlantic are to be pushed, though prospects are evidently not rated as very promising. "In the United States," the White Paper declares, "any really large expansion would require a radical change in the importing habits of the country." More hope lies, perhaps, in "dollar-saving" exports such as the sale of textiles to countries within the sterling area which have been relying largely on this country for supplies of cloth. Altogether, Britain expects to

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to raise the average monthly volume of exports in the current half-year to 125 per cent of the pre-war volume, which compares with an average for 1947 of 108 per cent. Meanwhile imports are being held to no more than 76 per cent of their 1938 volume.

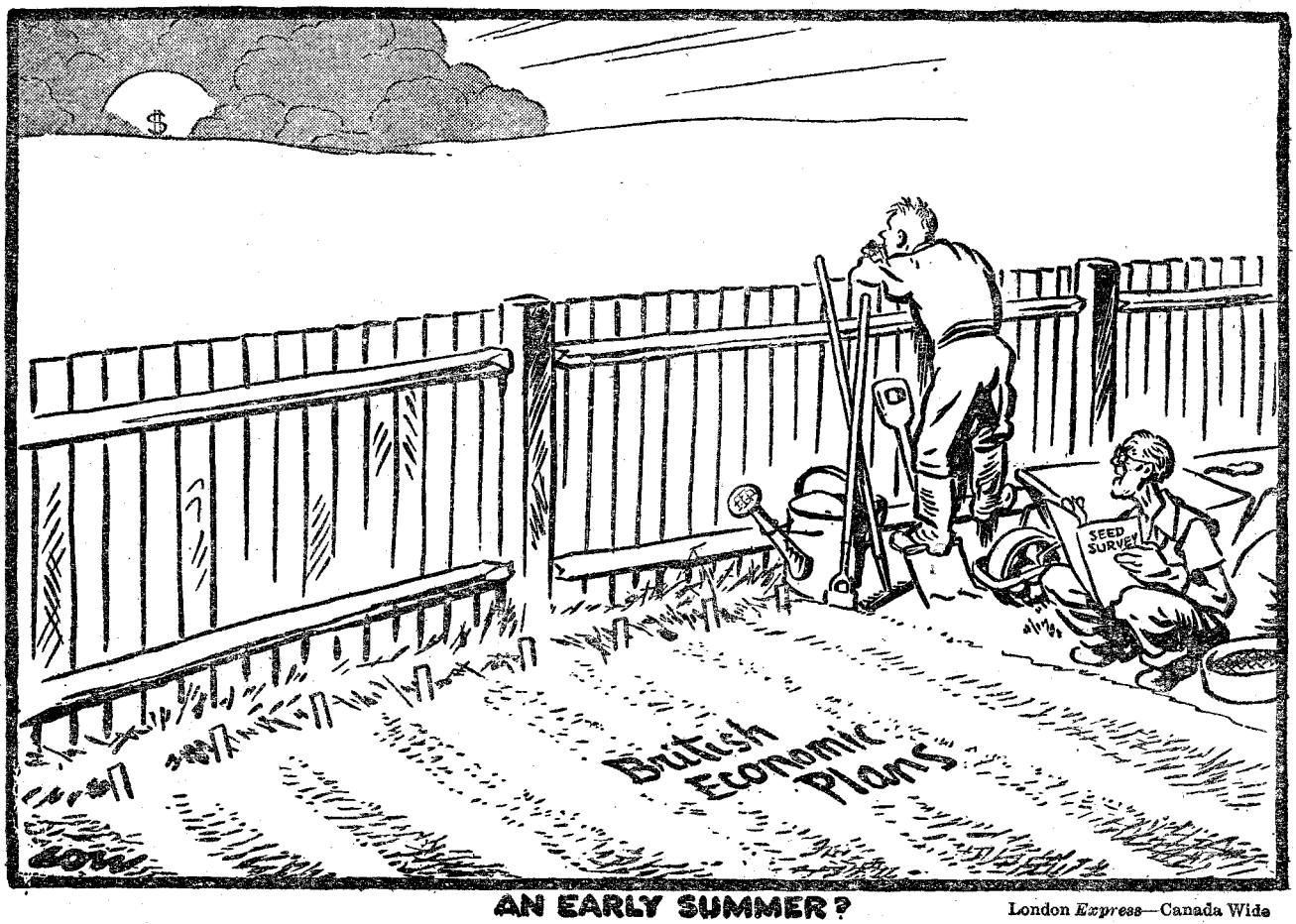
To compensate in part for restriction of food imports an expansive program for stimulating agriculture has been adopted. Acreage sown to such crops as wheat, potatoes, and linseed is being increased; the livestock population is being held down because it depends largely on imported feed. This involves indefinite postponement of long-range plans based on the generally agreed proposition that the most economical use for British soil is mixed farming emphasizing the production of high-grade proteins.

The problem of filling the foreign-trade gap is also forcing changes in the pattern of British industry. Concentration on industries producing goods in demand in overseas markets has led to curtailment of investment plans. One of the bottlenecks to be overcome is shortage of steel, although British steel production is at an all-time high. Overseas demand for machinery, trucks, tractors, and other products requiring large quantities of steel is tremendous; the only difficulty is keeping up with the demand. Consequently, domestic steel-using projects such as factory building and even reparation of war-time damage to the railroads must be curtailed or postponed.

By such measures the deficit of overseas payments is being reduced, but it still remains large. For the first half of this year, according to the White Paper's estimates, payments to the Western Hemisphere will exceed receipts by $888,000,000. This will bring Britain's total reserve of gold and dollars down to $1,832,000,000. Obviously, if the drain continued at the same rate beyond June 1, the end would be reached during 1949. Such a development, the White Paper makes it clear, will not be permitted. If E. R. P. assistance is not available after June, even more drastic measures to fill the foreign-trade gap will be adopted. Further cuts would be made in imports from the Western Hemisphere, and these, of necessity, would fall mainly on raw materials. This would "mean abandoning the basis on which the raw-material import program has been built: a sufficiency to maintain a high level of employment."

Another consequence would be the redirection of exports to markets where they could be immediately exchanged against purchases of necessities. Steel, coal, machinery, and so forth now being supplied to European countries on credit or in exchange for less essential goods would have to be sent to countries with staple foods and raw materials for sale. Britain would, in short, be reduced to trading on a barter basis, and practically every other country in Western Europe would be forced to follow suit. That would complete the dislocation of world commerce.

E. R. P. can save Britain from taking such drastic steps: it will not permit any relaxation of present austerities. As the White Paper puts it, "On no account must such aid be used merely to provide us with greater ease or comfort. It must be used rather to sustain our working strength and efficiency while we develop those new sources of supply at home, in the sterling area, and elsewhere which will enable us to stand on our own feet when the period of aid is finished."




AN EARLY SUMMER?

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# *Del Vayo*—The Sixteen Nations Meet

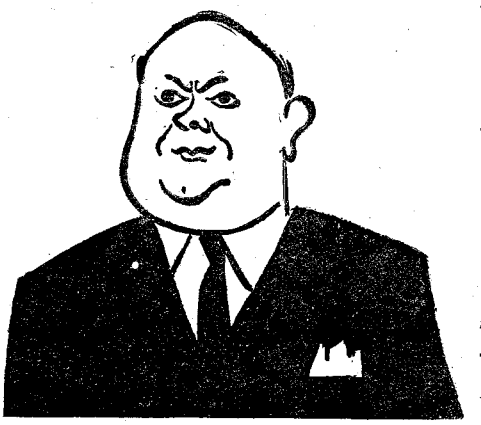
*Paris, March 19*

THE Conference of the Sixteen opened this week in an atmosphere which reflects the abrupt change in the international situation. But for the events at Prague, the present deliberations might have taken a different course. One fine day the Western Union would no doubt have been realized, but the process would have been much slower and the problems still unsettled more numerous. Czechoslovakia convinced the wavering and clinched the argument for the most active promoters of the Western Union led by Premier Spaak of Belgium. History will have the final word about this tragic period of a peace hardly won before it was shattered, but at this close range in time and space it would appear that any political advantage Russia has obtained in Czechoslovakia has been canceled out by the speed with which the hostile Western coalition is being forged. The tragic death of Masaryk, who enjoyed throughout the world more sympathy and popularity than any other Czech, was an additional factor in the strong reaction that events in Prague had already provoked.

I use the word "hostile" advisedly to describe the coalition formed at Brussels and now being expanded at Paris. Léon Jouhaux told the International Trade Union Conference in London last week that "the organization which emerges from the Marshall Plan must at no time set Western Europe against Eastern Europe." Unfortunately the leader of Force Ouvrière was indulging in wishful thinking. At both the Brussels meeting and the Anglo-French-American conference on Germany held a few days earlier the question of military cooperation was deliberately injected into what had apparently been planned as economic and political discussions. Jouhaux will find it difficult to impose his point of view on men who feel the Russians should be told bluntly that if they cross a certain line in Europe it will mean war. The fact is many people had conceived the coalition in these terms long before Czechoslovakia provided a final pretext. A few days ago at Geneva I spoke to several members of the United Nations Economic Commission; they are convinced that Russians would have cooperated in the Marshall Plan had it not been given such a hostile turn at the start. Despite even the Truman Doctrine, Moscow was beginning to move toward a rapprochement with the West last year; unfortunately many factors—American plans for German recovery chief among them—ended that brief hope of reconciliation.

But at least one country is proving in action that the division of Europe is not something which cannot be corrected. By a curious coincidence, on the same day that President Truman accused the Soviet Union of menacing the peace and security of all European democratic nations, the oldest democracy in Europe, Switzerland, signed an important commercial treaty with Moscow. It is in this direction, advocated for months past by Gunnar Myrdal, that a rapprochement is still possible in spite of the aggravation of the last few weeks.

Many thorny problems which might have bedeviled the meeting here were ironed out in advance at Brussels and London. By integrating the Bizone and the French zone of Germany into E. R. P. and giving them representation on the permanent Committee of the Sixteen, the conference opened the gates of the Marshall paradise to the Germans. This is a far cry from the meeting of the European Socialist parties a year ago at which the mere appearance of a German observer brought a stormy protest from the French delegates and nearly wrecked the chance of rebuilding the Second International. Today, on the ground of defending Europe against the East, French reservations about Germany are melting away like ice cream in a hot sun. One of the most significant passages in General de Gaulle's recent speech at Compiègne was his warm assurance to the Germans of French amity.



As seen by Oscar Berger

*Paul-Henri Spaak*

These and other problems which six months ago seemed irreconcilable have curiously merged, so that the conference's work is simplified. But it still has one hard nut to crack—Spain. Since the opening of the frontier and the encouraging conversations between the American chargé d'affaires and the Spanish Foreign Minister, Franco agents have been converging on Paris, and many of them can be seen loitering around the conference hall. Some delegates are not averse to the idea of admitting Franco as the seventeenth defender of Western democracy. Their argument is quite simple: since America is really the host at this international garden party, it has the right to say who should be invited. But until now—I am careful to say until *now*—Georges Bidault has felt a definite repugnance against having to deny everything he has stood for in the past and against fighting Léon Blum, who is resolutely opposed to Spain's admission.

The conference of the sixteen is being called the "Conference of Peace"; the agreement signed yesterday in Brussels is also being referred to as the "Pacte de Paix." But paradoxically there has never been so much talk of war in France. Last year when the United States was talking war, few people in France seriously considered it, except as a long-range possibility. Now war is the theme of every conversation. What a curious way to proceed to the pacification of Europe!

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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AMERICAN SENSUALITY

BY JACQUES BARZUN

WE HAVE at last entered upon our salad days. This, despite the old belief that we are a young country, does not mean that we are now adolescent. Far from it. We have skipped five stages, and the mixed greens on the menu stand culturally for the sere and yellow leaf. All the fuss about wine vinegar and the right-shaped wooden bowl is like the hobby of an idealist in decline who has given up Agitation for the pleasures of the table.

When I first came to know the United States, in the early nineteen twenties, the nation was still as Europe pictured it and as it liked to picture itself—hustling, bolting its food, crazy about business. Meals were among the harsh necessities of life, and conversation did not turn upon the more exquisite ways of making coffee. In those manly days when the frontier had just been heard slamming shut, the Sunday chicken dinner—with waffle submerged in library paste—was a mere symbol of leisure and luxury, not an actual reward for six days of raw deals and rough diet. Prohibition had just become law, and I remember my surprise on hearing that it was not, as I had childishly supposed, a hygienic measure in force during the hot summer months but a piece of self-denial forever. Except in a few geographical pockets of gluttony the American mortified the flesh both when fasting and when breaking his fast; he remained a Puritan within and without.

But while I was learning my United States, many young Americans whom the war had uprooted were exploring Europe and particularly France. The articulate among them were saying cruel things about their native land and spending the proceeds of unpatriotic literature on the acquisition of a new life of the senses. It was about the same time that the silent movies inculcated the arts of passionate courtship, and that, together with popularizations of Freud, solemn treatises began to appear on the technique of sexual love. "The Sheik," Valentino, and other stars with foreign names became for the younger generation models of conduct quite opposed to the Puritan. Shortly, the expatriates repented and returned, bringing their new habits with them. Yet prohibition was repealed, depression grew worse, raw deals and rough diet gave way to new deals and *PM* recipes. All classes were permanently affected in their tastes; even the poor learned —usually from foreign neighbors—that strange foods were edible.

*This is the third of a series of essays on American culture. The discussion will be continued by Lionel Trilling, Margaret Marshall, and others in later issues.*

FROM THAT TIME ON the change has been steady, extensive, profound—and its effects have not been limited to the digestive tract. America has been re-Europeanized. It is from the thirties that one can date in this country a recognition that business is not the sole aim of life. This went with an apologetic tone in capitalist utterances and a new self-assurance in cultural affairs—all these, moreover, in a setting neither commercial nor bohemian but elegant, suave, almost arty. The rolltop desk of yellow oak is no more; the ads look like Matisses and Laurencins; the pervasive taste is French impressionist. The historian of manners might say that from Romans we have turned into Greeks, and the psychologists might be tempted to think that French dressing had acted as an emollient on the national character.

In domestic and individual life, certainly, the resurrection of the wine industry, the cultivation of herbs, the popularity of cookbooks, and the tossing of salads have given a new tone to sociability. To one whose earlier impressions are still vivid, it is always amazing, despite frequent occurrence, when a business man of good standing in urb and suburb opens dinner with a harangue on vintage years, when his son home from school overdoes maturity by gargling the claret, and when the *omelette fines herbes* turns out, not a depressed soufflé, but a genuine omelet—though smelling like a *hortus siccus*. In such a household, one soon finds, there are few absolute commandments, but one of them is that "we never, never throw away any bones." It makes the only stock they have faith in, skepticism being rife about Babson's Reports but not about the dicta of Clémentine in the Kitchen. As for the feeling of One World, it expresses itself in an overvaluation of foreign dishes and a virtual rubbing of garlic on the guests.

Follow the husband downtown and you will discover that his lunch hour, which used to be fractional and pinched, is now expansive: the midday meal is the time of contacts and propositions, and as sacrosanct as the former "conference." It is futile to try telephoning a really executive person between 12:30 and 3; he is then as incomunicado as a French shopkeeper.

And yet he is far from having become the Frenchman's counterpart in feeling, for the American in all these new ways is not yet free: he is only emancipated. His gormandizing is still a dutiful pleasure, during which he does business, holds committee meetings, or vaguely improves public relations. Despite the relaxing cocktails and pedigreed dishes, the function is still part of his enormous anxiety. Although it is *his* ulcers that are forming, it is not *his* lunch that he is eating; it is the company's, and it is accounted for, not in his stomach, but in the overhead. In merging two modes of life that had distinct physical and social origins, the old American fears have been diffused and disguised, and the new pleasures

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have been turned into instruments of guilt or expressions of defiance.

But the disguise and defiance are real enough to have brought about an important change in the conception of American manliness. In the pages of Mark Twain, Henry James, or William Dean Howells the representative American is the ancestral Jacksonian figure—tall, spare, nasal, dry of speech and leathery of surface. Within the last decade he has paled, smoothed out, and softened up until he may be said to be approaching Nero Wolfe as a limit. Here again Europe is visible. In the 1920's the word for Wolfe and his household would have been "sissyfied." Now it is more likely to be "civilized," and quite apart from the unctuous literature of gourmets and cooks, a good deal of popular fiction lets us eat expensively by proxy, for a mere Womrath fee.

There is much distress, no doubt, in this frenzy for seeming civilized, and one could expatiate on the appropriateness of the name Nero, but the vicarious debauchery is a true sign of general abandon. The radio announcers whose words about the role of wine or clothes in human life would have caused them to be run out of town in the days of Teddy Roosevelt now address male listeners who have completely shed the old taboos about tertiary sexual characteristics: they wear wrist watches and suspenders, cultivate their charm, and control their hair cuts. Their summer hats, no longer of the shape of cheese boxes, they wear at discretion during the season and not, as before, within the rigid schedule set by custom and enforced by street boys. Summer and winter, their clothes may border on pastel shades, while their ties emulate flowered chintz and the whole economy of shirt, trousers, sleeve length, weave, and cut bespeaks caprice, looseness, and latitude.

MANNERS, TOO, have had the starch taken out of them. The first Roosevelt shook hands with the engineman, but condescension still lurked in the very trouble he took. It was the second Roosevelt who truly leveled ranks and brought upon this continent the baptismal brotherhood of man: "I'm sorry, John, but I didn't quite catch your last name." The family name as a mode of address is reserved for occasions of ultimate contempt, just as "sir" remains an angry expletive or the mark of the mild sycophant. Meanwhile, the common greeting of the common man has reached its final simplification in the monosyllable "Hi"; so that to the youth of today the humorist whom I heard twenty-five years ago gravely murmuring as he shook hands, "How do you do, I'm sure," would not sound comic but quaintly polite and old-fashioned.

Almost all formalities, within recent years, have followed into oblivion the dropping of cards and the paying of dinner calls. The rate of disuse is very rapid. When a famous and quite simple-mannered English author visited this country last summer, he found and relished the warm and easy human relations which his books had long urged on his own compatriots. But here his imagination was quickly outdone by reality. Going up to his host at the end of a pleasant evening, he uttered his thanks in a few direct words, only to find another guest at his elbow who waited until he had finished and then chimed in with an emphatic "Check!"—whereupon their host acknowledged the double courtesy with: "Take it easy, boys!"

It is all very winning, disarming, "human"—like the sloppy clothes, the love of good food, and the downtown conviviality. But then how is it that with every step in the breakdown of restraints business has become more irritating, sociability more difficult, and friendship more precarious? Is it not because the relentless search for what is "natural" and "easy" is itself cramping and exhausting? The trouble seems to be not only that each perpetually competes with all in simplicity, underbidding his neighbor in word and act until it seems as if the only democratic garb were the figleaf and unkempt hair, and the only unaffected discourse a few grunts of varied pitch; the trouble also is that the normal desire to shine and to accomplish is now forced to take the same collective path. Individuality seems eccentric, offensive, and is repressed. The result is that to be a friend is no different from being an acquaintance; to do business is no different from having a party; to act as host is no different from advertising and selling the latest facilities; to taste and enjoy is no

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different from squaring one's mind with public opinion.

In striving to be no one in particular, the common man has turned into an absolute being who neither enshrines nor recognizes any distinctions and who tries to behave like an interchangeable unit. Youth and age, sex and status, are obliterated in the effort to be "human." But being human in this fashion imposes the heroic discipline of daily altering one's temperature to jibe with the average so as to avoid giving offense by the mere fact of difference. When all barriers are down, every situation requires tact, and the absence of "signals" to denote courtesy makes a perpetual drain on good-will. This is the extreme we have reached through a just criticism of Puritan manners and a repudiation of the frank free-for-all of business.

Our European imports have failed us. The love of food, leisure, and gay dress, the desire to please and to avoid wounding our multitudinous peers, should have made us into Chesterfieldian personalities. The release from asceticism and greed should have made us into Emersonians, or Nietzscheans—generous because energetic and free. Instead, we remain anxious in our weak depravity and suffer the neuroses of an unfeatured grain of tapioca in a pudding. No doubt we can cheer and inspire ourselves by reading Rabelais or Thomas Love Peacock or John Cowper Powys, or more lately the Kinsey Report. But how many quarter-centuries will it be before we achieve with our own means the balance of sense and soul?

## Ernst Juenger

*ON THE MARBLE CLIFFS.* By Ernst Juenger. Translated from the German by Stuart Hood. New Directions. $2.50.

SOMEWHERE in a mythical landscape, high above the marble cliffs, on the edge of a fertile valley, two brothers—retired army officers—have settled after a lost war. Below in the peaceful countryside an industrious and quiet people tills its fields; farther on lives a rude yet hospitable tribe of shepherds, closely following traditional ways of life. Still farther away, in the thicknesses of the dark and impenetrable forest, the Chief Ranger, a demoniac figure, rules over the marshes with the aid of his cruel, inhuman underlings and plans to conquer the peaceful world of the peasants and shepherds outside his dark domain.

This is the setting. Juenger describes the methods, of cunning maneuver combined with brute force, which the Chief Ranger uses to achieve his goal.

"On the Marble Cliffs" is a *roman à clef,* an attack on Nazism only thinly veiled by the extraneous allusions, the strange locale, and the romantic style; but it is also a work of art in its own right. Juenger is a masterly stylist, who likes to experiment with the rhythmic possibilities in sentence structure and takes a sensuous pleasure in the quality of words and the shades of meaning. (The translation, if somewhat stiff, has succeeded in conveying much if not all of the dense brilliancy of Juenger's style.) Literary German suffered considerably from the barbarian language of command that the Nazis introduced in all media of communication, but Juenger is one of the few whose style not only


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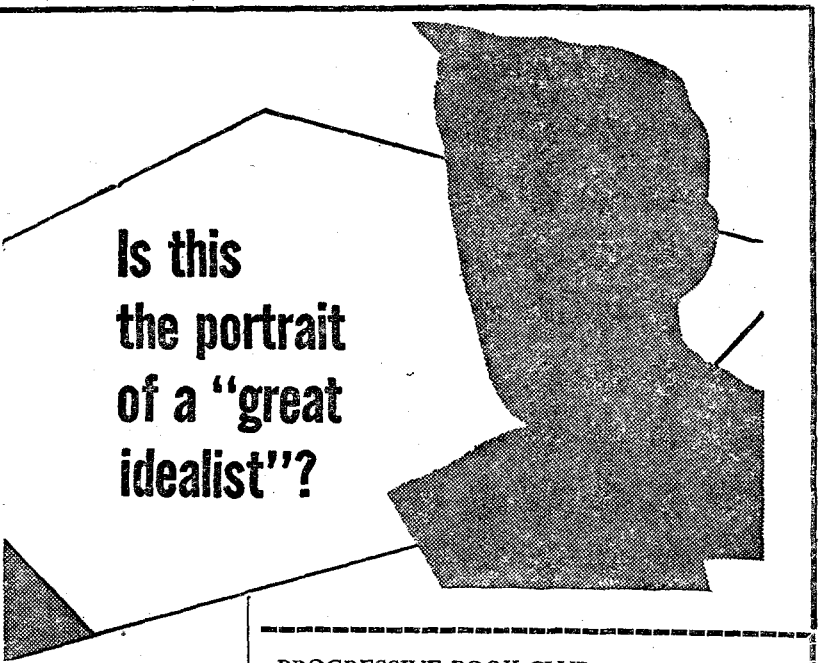


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kept its earlier purity but also gained in power and richness.

The book appeared in German shortly after the outbreak of the war and immediately achieved a considerable success, though the *Völkische Beobachter* and other Nazi papers attacked it violently and succeeded for a time in having it withdrawn from circulation. The ostensibly unpolitical story, set in a region outside time and space, in which demons consort with human beings, and primitive and highly civilized peoples live side by side, where the real and the unreal are constantly mixed and ironically inverted, was an unmistakable attack upon the regime. No German could miss the allusions to the terrorists who "wore the mask of order," to the man "who hated the plow, the corn, the vine, and the animals tamed by man, whose heart was only stirred when moss and ivy grew green on the ruins of the towns," and of whom the narrator could say, "Fear enveloped him, and I am convinced that therein far more than his own person lay his power. Only when things had begun to totter from their inherent weakness could he exercise his might." Though Juenger used that "slave language" which has been employed many times to cloak a political message against a hated tyranny, his meaning could hardly have escaped the censor. The reasons for the opposition of the Nazis are obvious; it is much less clear how the book could appear at all.

In fact, no author but Juenger would have dared to publish it: it would have been difficult to suppress the work of a man who had been one of the intellectual fathers of Nazism. To be sure, Juenger himself had never belonged to the Nazi Party, but among the young intellectuals who later became devoted Nazis he played a much more important role than the fussy prophets of blood and soil. Juenger had achieved fame as the author of books which hailed the "cosmic experience of war," as the prophet of the "total mobilization," that is, the total annihilation of the personality in the meshes of the all-embracing, all-pervasive state. Juenger had hailed the emergence of a new depersonalized type, the "worker type," destined to replace the bourgeois individual and to express the complete functionalism of the war society; he had written that morality now had become an unnecessary luxury and that the "worker" type must develop a sort of "color blindness toward values." Juenger was looked upon as a deviant yet basically dependable ideologist of the regime, though he had kept aloof from things political since 1933. Overt action could not be taken against the work of such a man, especially since he was backed by some influential army circles.

Moreover, "On the Marble Cliffs" is by no means a call to action. The brothers chronicle the gradual success of the forces of evil but abstain from any attempt to halt its progress. When they finally flee *to the country that has been their enemy in the last war,* they listen to a song from the shore: "Since no man then can give us aid, We turn to God in our great need." However, if Juenger chronicles the progress of evil, he refuses to participate in it. The narrator says: "I took an oath that I would rather fall in loneliness with the free men than go in triumph among the slaves."

Juenger showed great courage in publishing the book at the time he did, for it is a balance sheet of the depravity, the nihilism, and the destruction of all moral values that were the Hitler regime; it marked, moreover, the author's complete break with his past. It is an anti-Nazi document, but it is also one of the most beautiful novels of imagination of modern Germany, an allegory in the grand symbolist manner of the death of a civilization.

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## Appraisal of the U. N.

*THE UNITED NATIONS.* By Herbert Vere Evatt. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THIS deceptively slender book tackles a tough subject. In the three Oliver Wendell Holmes lectures delivered last autumn at Harvard, Australia's Minister of External Affairs gives his very personal appraisal of the United Nations—past, present, and future. Some might suspect that Dr. Evatt advances a less than modest estimate of the role he and Australia have played in the goings-on at San Francisco, Lake Success, and Flushing Meadow. But those who know the U. N. and Herbert Vere Evatt recognize in him an international weight-thrower of Olympic stature.

The personal approach has this great advantage: it emphasizes the significant part the small nations have played in the world organization. The Dumbarton Oaks agreement was essentially a big-power blueprint for peace. At San Francisco, by their aggressive intervention, the small powers succeeded in broadening the base of international cooperation. The scope and authority of the General Assembly were enlarged, the Trusteeship Council was established, and the Economic and Social Council was made one of the principal organs of the United Nations. Moreover, the small nations have been playing an increasingly important part in the decisions of the General Assembly at the regular and special sessions. While the great powers have appeared muscle-bound, the small powers have revealed a flexibility of action that has contributed to creative achievement. As Dr. Evatt puts it, "The truth is that the great powers are inevitably preoccupied with questions of prestige and spheres of influence, whereas lesser pow-

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ers, whose interest in lasting peace is just as great if not greater, are more detached in their outlook on many issues and are in a better position to make an unbiased judgment on the justice of any proposed settlement."

As one would expect, a discussion of the veto occupies a prominent place in Dr. Evatt's analysis. He differs from some of the extreme critics in conceding that the veto has an important place in the Security Council's plan of action. The unanimity rule is probably essential in the application of sanctions against an aggressor nation. But in other decisions, particularly those which have to do with the peaceful settlement of disputes, Dr. Evatt holds that an affirmative vote of seven members should be sufficient. A number of the permanent members of the Council have already agreed to such a modification, but Russia has firmly resisted any change. Since any amendment to the Charter is at present out of the question—it could be blocked by a veto—Dr. Evatt holds to the hope that a "gentleman's agreement" may eventually be reached which will limit the veto's use. And in the meantime he insists that the prestige of the Assembly should be built up by giving it a more prominent role in the settlement of disputes.

It is a useful book and a healthy answer to the common charge that small nations are doomed to merely a satellite performance. Harvard should be encouraged to open up the Oliver Wendell Holmes lectures to other foreign ministers. It would be valuable to have Messrs. Molotov, Marshall, and Bevin park their clubs in the cloakroom and set forth their free and uninhibited ideas on how the United Nations can be made to work.

J. KING GORDON

## Frontier America

*THE DIXIE FRONTIER.* By Everett Dick. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

EVERETT DICK has evidently set himself the task of documenting Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier thesis. Having treated the Western frontier in two earlier books, Dick now describes the social history of the Southern frontier in the years 1770–1840.

His new book, "The Dixie Frontier," has all the merits of his earlier ones. It is packed with precise accounts of the processes and techniques of frontier life. The loom, the salt lick, and the stage coach are but three of the many items meticulously described in a book that touches everything from military life to professional amusement on the frontier. The book is, furthermore, as exciting as it is extensive. For Professor Dick has mined much of his material from the rich beds of anecdote and legend deposited during America's heroic age.

But although the author has retained his old skill, he has certainly not learned any new tricks. His diction is still poor—he speaks of corn as "the principal and welcomed diet"—and his taste is remarkably naive. Most of the tales that he sets down as examples of frontier humor are but very faintly risible. And the dialogue stories, not even graced by accurate imitation, are made utterly tiresome by the accompanying explanations. Even the most thoroughly urbanized Easterner knows that a "hoss" is a horse.

Genre, however, rather than grammar or lack of taste is responsible for Professor Dick's more serious weaknesses.

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If, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has recently argued in *The Nation*, intellectual history is comparable to the fielder's choice, then purely social history is another form of the triple reverse. Too frequently the social historian spends so much time running laterally that he fails to advance the ball. So it is with Professor Dick. He covers the field from sideline to sideline, but though his run is breath-taking, he seems unable to get out of the backfield. He does not indicate, in other words, how modern America emerged from frontier America, and accordingly his book does not substantiate his claim that "the frontier was the most important single factor in the formation of the 'American way of life.'"

JOSEPH KRAFT

# Verse Chronicle

THE English, with Auden in America, Graves in Majorca, and Empson in Peiping, haven't much of their own left but Thomas and MacNeice; a well-bred, knowledgeable intention of accomplishment is likely to go a surprisingly long way with them. This would explain their excitement over Henry Reed's "A Map of Verona" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50). Mr. Reed is a rather talented, rather pleasant poet, a little on the gray, passive, retrospective side, and a *lot* influenced by late Eliot. His typical poem is a sober trance, full of present participles and gently effective or ineffective phrases, about Tristram or Chrysothemis or Philoctetes or Antigone; while I was trying to sum them all up I remembered with joy:

> He fell at Gettysburg or Fredericksburg,
> I ought to know—it makes a difference which:
> Fredericksburg wasn't Gettysburg, of course.

Compared to our bad young poets Mr. Reed is a controlled, civilized, attractive affair; but compared to the good ones—Robert Lowell and Elizabeth Bishop, say—he is a nap after dinner.

The virtues of Rolfe Humphries's poems ("Forbid Thy Ravens," Scribner's, $2.50) are obvious: they have something to say and say it fairly effectively and very plainly; they are good-humored, sensible, and well organized (Mr. Humphries is particularly accomplished at playing off a long line against a short); they have none of the extravagances and obscurities of most modernist poems. Mr. Humphries is a talented writer of interesting and sympathetic verse, but he rarely even attempts to write anything so difficult as a good poem: he is like a high jumper who jumps five and a half feet with easy grace, and then leaves the track meet. The immediate, peculiar, individual rightness of a really good poem is directly opposed to the general approximate rightness of academic poems like Mr. Humphries's; and his have little of the scrupulous, slight offness and oddness of diction and sentiment—all the more surprising because of the exact, traditional correctness and purity of the ground against which they figure—that sometimes lift the verse of an academic poet like Bridges into poetry. (One of Bridges's lectures begins: "Little do you know how surprised you ought to be to see me here"; and the sentence—which reads exactly as if it were quoted from Bernard Haggin—has some of the firm idiosyncratic rightness or wrongness of that "Soul awful . . . uttering odious truth," John Milton.)

What Mr. Humphries's poems say is agreeable, feeling common sense, necessarily a little too easy and superficial, since it has neither the depth of the unconscious, nor that of profound thought, nor that of profound emotion, nor that of the last arbitrary abyss of fact. Reading these poems, one keeps edging away from a faint comfortable softness of idealism and sentiment and reasonable optimism; Death and Evil walk chained in their triumphs, and one is astonished at the reminiscent Rooseveltian didacticism of the conqueror:

> Not only all that lives, but all that dies
> Is holy, having lived, and testifies
> To bravery in season, spirit, man.
> Face it. You must. You can.

Academic poems must have sustained good taste, a secure decorum; a number of Mr. Humphries's poems spoil themselves by playing down to their audience, by saying in a crude and slangy sentence something disquietingly obvious. One reads that something is "O.K. for the smart and chi-chi bitches," that hell is all right to visit but that the poet wouldn't live there, "Not if you gave me all the God-damned place." Certainly a poet *can* make good poetry out of slang, provincialisms, animal noises, or anything else; but the poetry is likely to have the atmosphere, half sea fog and half coal smoke, of Corbière's poems, and not the Indian summer, Golden Mean-ish haze of Mr. Humphries's.

John Ciardi's poems ("Other Skies," Little, Brown, $2) are Karl Shapiro second hand. The war poems are mostly rhetoric ("Our bombs like phallic comets scanned the air") and Dear Diary (Mr. Ciardi prints poems commemorating his twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth birthdays, a poem on looking at his own photograph in uniform, a poem On Sending Home His Civilian Clothes, Reflections While Oiling a Machine-Gun, a Revery During Briefing, an elegy for himself in case he got killed, and so forth). It is extremely disappointing that a B-29 gunner shouldn't get more of the feel of what happened to him into what he

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writes; maybe he will later on, if he ever gets rid of all his flashy machinery. As it is, the quoted sentences of interphone conversation have a thousand times the reality of "await the rose/Blossoming in fire upon the town"—Mussolini's son's old metaphor that shocked us so much so long ago, in the days of our innocence. RANDALL JARRELL

## Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"YOU Never Can Tell" was one of the first of Shaw's "pleasant plays." My history books tell me that it was unsuccessful when it was first performed, and the majority of my reviewing colleagues are insisting that it ought to be unsuccessful again in the revival which the Theater Guild is offering at the Martin Beck. Evidently, however, they and I did not see the same play. To most—though not to quite all—of them what they saw was tedious, stuffy, outmoded, and tiresome. To me it was, with the minor exceptions to be noted, gay, lively, high-spirited, shrewd, wise, exuberant, and overflowing with intelligent fun. My younger readers are, of course, entitled to the suspicion that I am myself almost as old-fashioned as the play and so far gone in Shavianism that my opinion does not count. I am, however, quite sure that at least the second charge is not true. There are a number of the master's works that I find rather tedious. "Candida," though not quite that, is to my mind far less amusing than "You Never Can Tell." And I am, I must confess, baffled by what I have read about the latter in the daily press. Perhaps the explanation is simply that the reviewers made up their minds too soon.

There is no doubt that the play begins badly, or rather very uncertainly. The author was at the time young in experience if not in age. In fact, the whole first act might be described as the work of a playwright in search of a style. He had plucked out of the air a hackneyed and farcical situation involving that good old stand-by, the long-lost father, but he did not quite know yet how he was going to use it for his own purposes. The characters give the general impression of trying rather unsuccessfully to breathe an atmosphere like that of "The Importance of Being Earnest," but they cannot fully achieve that particular sort of unreal reality, and they have not yet been able to discover the conventions of the Shavian world. But before very long genius begins to break through. First comes Shaw the playful satirist to toy with the paradox of the advanced woman who is not quite advanced enough. Then the playwright remembers his Bergson and in a moment of inspiration transforms the élan vital into his own special religion. No more is necessary. Mechanical farce turns into delightful, intellectual comedy, and presently he is writing scenes as good as any he was later to achieve. Like his own Marchbanks, he was at the beginning of the evening only eighteen, but by the time it is over he is already, if not quite as old as the world, at least old enough to be wiser than most of the spectators he is likely to find.

The Theater Guild's production seems to me to achieve just the right degree of quaintness—just enough to set the play into the time where it belongs and not enough to suggest, as such quaintness too often does, any touch of condescension. Leo Carroll is excellent as the wise waiter and Frieda Inescort no less good as the advanced woman. Possibly Patricia Kirkland and Nigel Stock, though attractive young people, are in actual fact a little too young to act youth just as it should be acted, but Faith Brook, a newcomer from England, is a very striking Gloria. Indeed, the whole company seems to me deserving of every praise, but since it was the play rather than the production which failed to please most of the reviewers, I prefer to stick to that and to ask them where in modern comedy there is a better scene than, say, that in Act II where Valentine pays successful court to Gloria, or that in Act III where the former defends himself against the charge of being a mere philanderer. Both are, if you like, anticipations of scenes to appear again in "Man and Superman," but I am not sure that either was any better the second time than it was the first. Both are triumphant demonstrations of what is coming more and more to seem to me Shaw's greatest achievement, namely, his ability to rewrite in terms peculiarly valid for us the eternally comic themes. Too much has, I think, been made of his borrowings from all the revolutionary thinkers of the nineteenth century; too little of his ability to transform what was so often violent and brutal and despairing into something not only funny but humane and gentle. He humanized Nietzsche. That is too large a subject to be treated in a review, but from the present play I can give at least one example of what I mean. Take, for example, Nietzsche's "Life is good because it is painful" and see what it becomes in the following little passage from the last act of "You Never Can Tell." "Crampton: You don't think this match an unwise one? Bohun: Yes, I do: all matches are unwise. It's unwise to live; and it's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it's unwise to live; and it's wise to die. Waiter: Then, if I may respectfully put a word in, sir, so much the worse for wisdom."

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# Music

B. H. HAGGIN

A MASTER pianist and a master musician" was Virgil Thomson's description of Webster Aitken a couple of years ago; and it is the best description of Aitken's recent Town Hall performances of Charles Ives's four transcriptions from his "Emerson," Elliot Carter's Sonata, Menotti's Ricercare and Toccata, and Beethoven's Sonata Opus III. One marveled at the mastery which produced, with such precision, clarity, and beauty, the sounds of these works that are so difficult to produce, and gave these sounds order, shape, direction in a clear-textured, unfailingly continuous musical progression—which, in short, made of each work something completely achieved on the piano and as a piece of music.

I spoke, a couple of weeks ago, of Schnabel's performance of Beethoven's Opus 111 as the definitive performance even with its technical and expressive flaws—the unprecise, confused execution of difficult passage-work, the excessive intensity and consequent distortion of phrase in the early variations of the second movement. When I say that Aitken produced something completely achieved I mean that there were no excesses and distortions, but instead a shaping of each movement with absolute consistency throughout, and that every detail in this shaping was produced with absolute accuracy— the accuracy that enabled him to give musical outline to passages (e.g., Variation 3) which were mere noise in Schnabel's performance. Also—and most important—I mean that what Aitken achieved was a performance entirely different from Schnabel's—without, for one thing, Schnabel's spaciously and philosophically meditative treatment of some passages—which in its own dramatic and grand style gave wonderfully impressive effect to the work.

Ives's music made no sense to me—not the American sense that some attribute to his music, nor the sense about Emerson that Ives attributes to this piece, nor any other sense that music is capable of conveying. Carter's sonata would, I thought, more accurately be called a toccata; for the player's fingers are set going and kept going in a non-expressive exploitation of the resources of the piano, which one listens to with a non-emotional awareness of what is happening and of the highly developed competence and originality that are at work in it. There was no such originality in Menotti's piece; but it is the best of his music that I have heard and was especially enjoyable after the thirty-five minutes of Ives and Carter and played with musically directed technical brilliance like Aitken's.

Listening to Lotte Lehmann in songs of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, at the closing concert of the New Friends of Music, one noted the reduced range and power of her voice, the reduced scale of emotional intensity that this necessitated in her singing; but one marveled at the lovely quality of what voice she still had, and at the liveliness she managed to achieve on the low level of intensity.

The new RCA Victor recording of Lehmann's performances of some of Brahms's Zigeunerlieder (Set 1188, $3) reproduces the lovely quality very well and steps up the intensity. The songs I don't care for. Nor do I find the unfamiliar songs of Schumann interesting that Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano, has recorded (Set 1187, $5). She sings them with musical intelligence and feeling; but her voice, since the last records, has lost warmth and richness and became metallic and shrill, with a marked tremolo. One of Marian Anderson's best performances, of Schubert's "Der Tod und das Mädchen," is on a single disc (10-1327, $1), with his "Wohin?", less impressively sung, but beautifully played by Franz Rupp. And on another single (11-9836, $1.25) is a good Anderson performance of Schubert's "Aufenthalt," with his "Ave Maria." Dorothy Maynor's singing of Schubert's "Ständchen" and "Liebesbotschaft" (10-1372, $1) is without the tonal loveliness of a few years back.

The songs of Tchaikovsky recorded by Irra Petina, soprano, for Columbia (Set 712, $4.60) are very fine; and she sings them well in Russian, with lush orchestral arrangements of the piano accompaniments. The volume also includes Liza's aria from "The Queen of Spades." And a superb performance by Melchior of Schubert's declamatory "Dem Unendlichen" is on a single disc (17509-D,$1), with "Ständchen."

A wonderfully beautiful performance of Schubert's "Die junge Nonne" by Katherine Ferrier, contralto, is on an English Decca single (K-1632, $2.10), with a performance of "Gretchen am Spinnrade" that lacks the intensity it should have at the climactic moments.

The Disc volume "Night Without Sleep" (Set 730, $3.93) offers Paul Bowles's musical underlining of poems by Charles Henri Ford, sung by Romolo de Spirito. Since I don't know the words I can't judge the effectiveness of the music in relation to them; and it is not very impressive in and for itself; nor is the singer's voice one of much sensuous beauty. Surfaces are noisy.

The songs of Haganah issued by Night Music (Set 106) are, strictly speaking, not within the province of this column; but I will report that they are well sung by Dov Arres and well recorded.

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## CONTRIBUTORS

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RANDALL JARRELL, who was acting literary editor of *The Nation* last year, is now teaching at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. He has just published a new book of poems, "Losses."

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# Letters to the Editors

## America Can't Save Chiang

*Dear Sirs*: President Truman has recommended the appropriation of another $570,000,000 for assisting Chiang Kai-shek. The American public is told that this is not military aid but is aimed at helping the poor Chinese people. Its true nature, however, has been exposed by the testimony of General Marshall before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, which showed "a candor unusual to diplomatic testimony," as the New York *Times* put it.

General Marshall disclosed that the United States has been providing Chiang Kai-shek with military material in a volume far beyond previous Congressional knowledge. He called the attention of the committee to the fact that the collapse of Chiang's regime is imminent unless it is rescued by American aid. He said that for more than a year he himself gave advice on training the Chinese troops. He told of Nanking's lack of cooperation with him as shown in its neglect of his advice and that of other American military officers. Once again he said that there is no evidence whatever of Russian aid to the Chinese Communists.

America is actually playing a most unnecessary, foolish, and dangerous game in China. It is evident that America, in helping Chiang Kai-shek, is not fighting against a Russian penetration but against the Chinese people. Yet what have the American dollars achieved? Chiang Kai-shek's position has been made worse rather than stabilized. Once the Chinese thought of him as a dictator, but now many are thinking of him as a traitor who sells out China to Wall Street groups. The Chinese villagers call the Kuomintang bombers which come to destroy their properties and lives "American airplanes," and they are not wrong.

Americans should realize that today nothing, not even atomic bombs, can change the Chinese people's hatred for Chiang Kai-shek and what he represents. Nothing can change the course of events unfolding in our country at present. We really have had enough of Chiang's despotism and must have a change. Our people are fed up with the oppression of the landlords, of whom Chiang Kai-shek is the symbol. No amount of American aid to Chiang can push back the tide of the "little men's revolt." The people of China will not give up the fight until they see that the change is really brought about. Any foreign interference which tries to impose on the Chinese people something they refuse to take will be unacceptable, just as the Japanese overlordship was unacceptable. American aid to Chiang Kai-shek can only lengthen the period of the Chinese civil war; it cannot retard what has to happen.

T. L. CHEN
AND TEN OTHER CHINESE STUDENTS
New York, March 18

## Orpheus Unbound

*Dear Sirs*: The courageous article, Orpheus Bound, by Mary Smart and Muriel Fox in your issue of December 20 must have startled and awakened many of your readers. It clearly showed how we shirk the responsibility we owe our musically talented youth in this country. Fortunately, our youth has fought back, and through determination and sacrifice developed a plan that has brought fame to many, saved many from heartaches and disappointment.

This plan is the National Music League, located in the City Center Building in New York. The league is an artist-owned cooperative bureau operating on a non-profit budget to serve music exclusively. It turns to the untapped resources—the young artists—and economically offers every community in the United States, no matter how modest, a chance to have concerts. In addition to giving every deserving young artist a chance to be heard, the league makes it possible for them, once they have been "recognized," to "graduate" to the larger agencies.

In the league's first year Carroll Glenn, then an unknown violinist, was among the artists it sponsored. Since then an average of at least one artist every two years has followed her steps to "the big time." Several hundred young artists apply for membership in the league annually. A carefully chosen board of such musicians as Rudolph Serkin, Marjorie Lawrence, and William Primrose gives auditions to the applicants and selects those it believes destined to become the concert stars of tomorrow. League graduates have appeared with Koussevitsky, Eugene Ormandy, Leonard Bernstein, Sir Thomas Beecham, the New York City Opera Company, and the CBS Symphony, and in productions of "The Medium," "The Telephone," and CBS's "Invitation to Music." During the fall of 1947 two league artists gave Carnegie Hall concerts, six presented Town Hall recitals, and two, as winners of the Naumburg Award, were soloists on the Telephone Hour.

There has been some criticism of the league as an unfair competitor in the concert-booking field. The league's non-profit fees, it is pointed out, undercut the fees asked by larger agencies, and sometimes make it difficult for a large agency to book one of its artists in a town the league has already approached. The answer to this is that league concert series are booked in communities of from 1,800 to 8,000 people—communities too small for most large agencies. If the league finds regular concerts already established in any given com-


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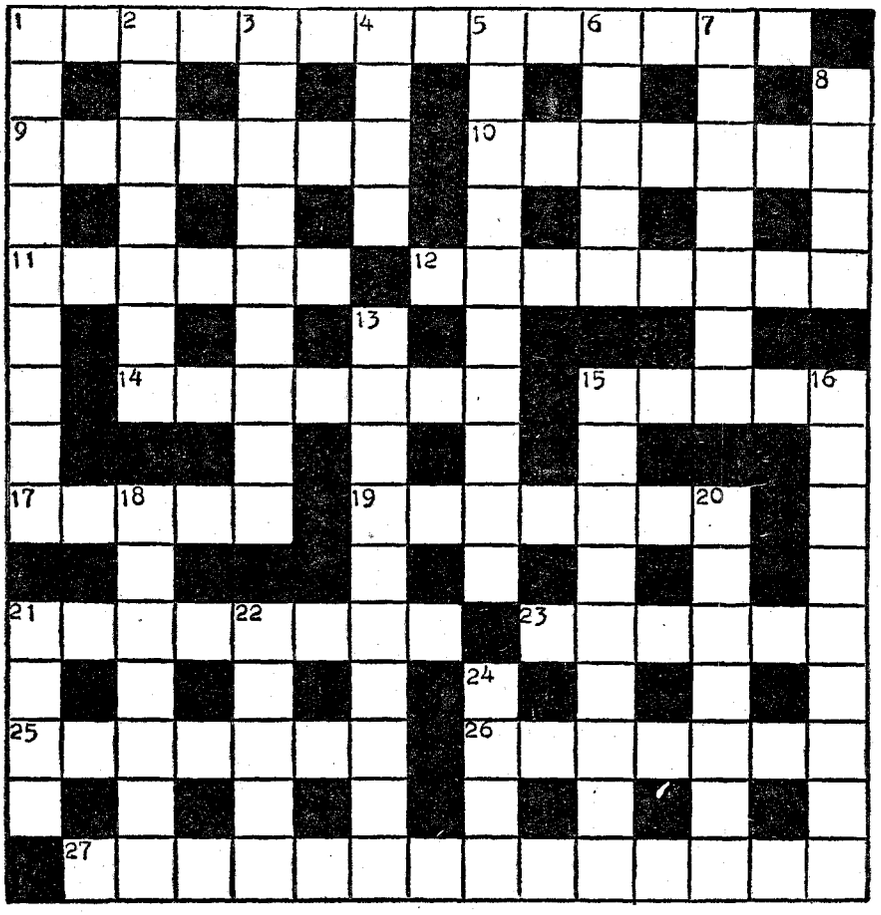
# Crossword Puzzle No. 256

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS

1 Sketches by Boz? (8, 6)
9 Petroleum. (7)
10 This poor man advised "early to bed." (7)
11 Scales in G-sharp. (6)
12 Seen flying against some buildings. (8)
14 Clear is the word for such desserts. (7)
15 Place of prominence in Montana. (5)
17 The duplication of these is a classic mathematical problem. (5)
19 Basis of the place for fair. (7)
21 The military caste is blue. (8)
23 Association, in which hardly anyone uses his hands. (6)
25 Is the plate colored, or only slightly so? (7)
26 No coming back after I follow little work in. (7)
27 Ill-tempered remark? (5-9)

## DOWN

1 Ape, crying a eulogy. (9)
2 Cue for the pack to be shuffled in. (7)
3 How a mat-man is pinned down? (9)
4 Turned on a renegade. (4)
5 Supersonic beat. (10)
6 Topic of needlework. (5)
7 Concerning a man that counteracts. (7)
8 A 50-50 chance there are none. (4)
13 An auto would make him confess. (10)
15 Belt, and in a sort of boiler there's a charge in each case. (9)
16 Acne, under a condition of lasting quality. (9)
18 Large stone found in Colorado. (7)
20 This might cause a draft. (7)
21 In a way, a drink is too much for the Parisians. (4)
22 A steamer does without them. (5)
24 The bark of the weft? (4)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 255

ACROSS:—1 SOLITUDE; 5 ARMPIT; 9 AGONIES; 10 WEAR OUT; 11 PICCOLO; 12 OATMEAL; 13 BRIDGE PARTNER; 15 SPORTSMANSHIP; 21 ANDIRON; 22 CONDUCE; 23 INTENDS; 24 UP-ENDED; 25 and 26 TURN OF THE SCREW.

DOWN:—1 STAMPS; 2 LION CUB; 3 TRIPOLI; 4 DISLODGEMENTS; 6 REALTOR; 7 PROTEIN; 8 TITULARY; 10 WHOOPING COUGH; 14 ISCARIOT; 16 OLDSTER; 17 TORONTO; 18 HUNTERS; 19 PLUNDER; 20 MEADOW.

munity, it moves on to another, devoting its efforts to spreading music and opportunity for young artists rather than competing with an agent who may be the very one who some day may adopt a league graduate. The small communities in turn respect the league's motives and realize that without the league they might have a very difficult time hearing any good concert music—and paying for it. VIRGINIA ST. CLAIRE PAYNE

New York, March 19

## "Work with Wallace"

*Dear Sirs:* I know your readers have been following the Wallace campaign with great interest and that many of them would like to do more than just sit on the sidelines.

The Wallace-for-President Committee is now going full blast at its headquarters at 39 Park Avenue (corner Thirty-sixth Street) and is in urgent need of volunteers to work at any time between 9 a.m. and midnight every week day and until 3 p.m. on Saturdays.

Typist, hand addresser, filer, stencil-cutter, stenographer, information clerk, collater are some of the categories needed. Whatever your skill may be, come in and "Work with Wallace." Apply Volunteer Placement Bureau.

C. B. BALDWIN,
Campaign Manager

New York, March 10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